FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

SPECIAL NAVAL PICTURES IN THIS ISSUE.

THE SPHERE, MARCH 14, 1931
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE." 1/-

The SPHERE

Vol. CXXIV. No. 1625 MAR. 14, 1931. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

MOTOR TOURING & EASTER TRAVEL

How to prepare for the health-giving holiday break now fast approaching.

All these matters are specially dealt with
IN THIS ISSUE

Banish Headaches Swiftly—Take
GENASPRIN
THE SAFE BRAND OF ASPIRIN

GLENEAGLES HOTEL
GOLF, TENNIS, DANCING, FISHING, SWIMMING, RIDING, SHOOTING
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WITH ADDED 'OSTELIN' VITAMIN D
Builds Bonnie Babies

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For friends who ride regularly to hounds there could be no more useful and appreciated gift than a convenient stand to hold the week's list of meets. Amongst the many gadgets for sportsmen which the Sporting Gallery is now exclusively showing, hunting people will find a variety of such stands, at prices to suit all purses. A type much favoured, made in oak or mahogany, bears on its front a metal plaque, chromium plated (and therefore requiring no cleaning) which is engraved after a drawing by LIONEL EDWARDS, IVESTER LLOYD, or other well-known sporting artists. Stands thus embellished for Staghounds, Harriers, Beagles and Otterhounds are obtainable, and particulars will be sent on application.

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IF SAM WELLER

had asked to-day, 'Vich is your partickler wanity? Vich wanity do you like the flavour on best Sir?' the answer, of course, would invariably be ~

KING GEORGE IV

1166

OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

REPRODUCTION FURNITURE *by* HARRODS

FAITHFULLY though these Reproduction Pieces retain the character of the originals, they have a marked advantage in the matter of price.

For it is possible to recapture not only the externals but the atmosphere, the spirit, of fine furniture created in an age long gone by; and this at a cost not prohibitive.

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Harrods Collection of Reproduction Furniture is well worth an inspection by all interested in this type of furniture.

TWO SPECIMENS OF HARRODS CRAFTSMANSHIP

At left. Gentleman's Wardrobe in finely figured English Walnut. Reproduction of the Queen Anne period. 2 ft. 9 ins. wide. **£39.10.0**

At right. Walnut Tallboy, with shaped front and five drawers. Reproduction of the Queen Anne period. 2 ft. 6 ins. wide. **£31.10.0**

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British Made

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Size 10 × 7½ × 2½ ins.

£7 : 12 : 6

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Useful for every kind of travel this capacious bag is practically fitted and has on the outside an open pocket and a closed passport pocket.

In black or brown Calf Skin.

Length 12 ins.

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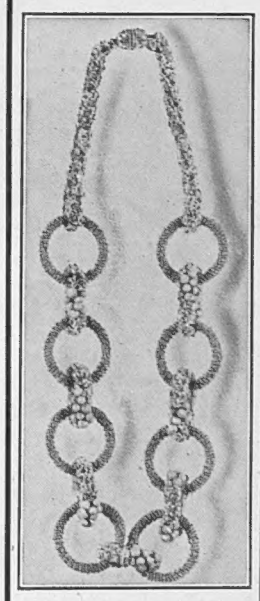
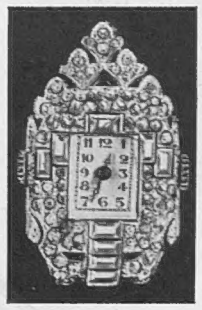
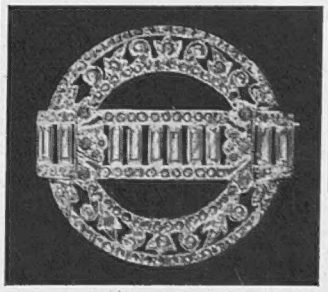


AB.—NECKLACE of green and gold mixed circles with white paste and green beads. All white French paste fastener attached. Very charming design. **£2.10**



AD.—"WATCH." The clip-on set in sterling silver, baguette and diamond cut French paste. Excellent movement. To be worn on sleeve or blouse. New and attractive. **£6**



AC.—BROOCH set in sterling silver with baguette cut French artificial diamonds. Exquisite design. **£3.10**

AA.—Ruby and French paste NECKLACE with four tassels in paste and ruby drops interlocked in a beautiful bow of French paste. Most wonderful effect for evening wear. **£4.4**

SPECIAL DISPLAY OF SPRING NOVELTIES NOW PROCEEDING

'. . . More wonderful than ever'

That's what passengers who have taken these cruises again and again are saying about this year's

Royal Mail HOLIDAY CRUISES by 'Atlantis'

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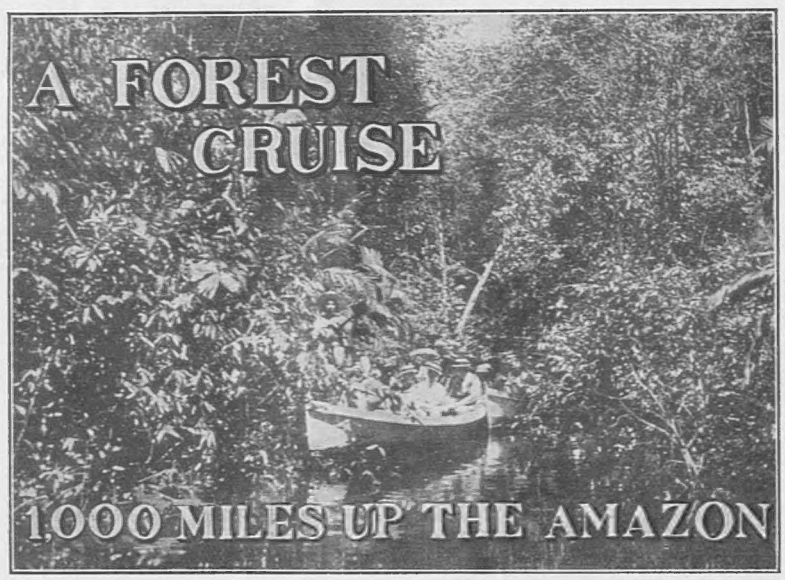

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THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

THE CALL OF TH

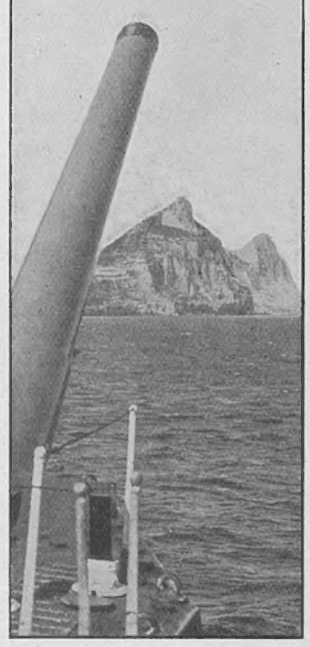
Free from Every Care, What Could

By CLI

"The Sphere" Travel Bureau will answer all enquiries conce

No kind of holiday is more healthful or presents a greater change for the average holiday-maker in search of rest, health, and a delightful experience than one of the many cruises of all lengths and at all prices which are to-day offered by the various leading steamship companies. Indeed, to most of us the sea seems to make at times an irresistible appeal. And if we pay any attention to what our doctors say, the majority of us would certainly take more sea voyages than we do. With Easter close upon us almost all the leading steamship companies have planned most attractive programmes embracing tours, in miniature, of four or five days' duration, up to those wonderful voyages on summer seas and to Eastern lands of which we all dream and hope some day to take.

Among the pioneer companies of what one may describe as holiday cruising the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company holds a high position, and has in recent times laid itself out to capture its full share of this particular form of sea traffic. It owns one of the largest steamers in the world solely given up to pleasure cruises. And in the *Atlantis* one has indeed a luxurious cruiser providing all the most up-to-date features of a veritable floating hotel. Among these the passengers will speedily notice the three-deck tennis courts, the open-air swimming bath on the main deck, and a gymnasium fitted with every conceivable apparatus for muscular and physical development, a large ball-room, and facilities of a very complete kind for the pursuit of amateur photography. Amusements in the shape of deck sports, concerts, dancing, and cinema shows are provided, and it is well within the mark to say that dullness has no place in the modern holiday cruiser. Quiet travellers in search merely of rest, sunshine, and health will also find their needs have been provided for.



THE ROCK: An unusual view of Gibraltar, taken from a British battleship

The cruises of the R.M.S.P.C. are chiefly planned in connection with the Mediterranean and Norway. What can be better, indeed, than a cruise in the spring to what has been called the "Middle Sea," with its remarkable variety of ports of call, shore excursions, types of nationalities, beautiful things seen, and ever-changing interest? In addition, an extension may be made by landing on the outward journey at some favoured spot and being picked up on the homeward journey after exploring the hinterland. Then there are the attractions in the early summer provided by a trip to "the Land of the Midnight Sun," and to that wonderful headland, perhaps the most wonderful in the world, North Cape.

The Blue Star Line possesses a fine fleet of steamers, and of this fleet as regards luxury cruising the famous *Arandora Star* stands out by itself. It is a wonderful boat, and one of the most up-to-date and luxurious of pleasure craft. What better fortune could one have than a cruise to the Mediterranean in such a shi in the early spring? During the year t *Arandora Star* is busy indeed. Fro Easter onwards till summer is here s makes five or six cruises of varying leng to the Mediterranean, where the heal seeker can reckon upon summer se and sunshine. Then, when June is wa ing, the vessel turns her bows northwa for half-a-dozen cruises or so amidst t beautiful fjords of the Norwegian coas where the mountains come down almo to the edge of the sea with the glacie of the higher peaks gleaming white in su shine, and exquisite cascades and wate falls in places tumblin sheer from the lofty cli into the sea below. T *Arandora Star*, with panelled state room, d lightful roomy and sun cabins, can surely clai to be a luxurious ho afloat.

The Orient Line h a long record of servic to the sea-travelling pub of the highest charact to its credit. This li offers to the holid cruising public ma attractions. Not on are the boats large, b the accommodatio offered provides t maximum of comfo and the skill with whi the catering has alwa been looked after on th line ensures food of t best and freshest.

Aboard one enjoy all the novelty of a co stantly changing sce and the absence of t worry which arises fro a constant change residence during sho nolidays and the freque packing and unpackin It must not be though however, that the Orie

THE VENICE OF THE NOR

Line ties one down to cruises in t East, for although these are availab and are, indeed, in a sense the *pièce résistance* of the cruising programm Sweden and Norway are both included.

The P. and O. has had a wi experience of providing travel cruises a generally organizes about a dozen ea season by such of their steamers as t *Rawalpindi* and *Viceroy of Indi* while one may visit the delightf countries bordering on the Mediterrane coast at a very reasonable rate per d for the three or four weeks the crui occupies. There is an even more attra tive cruise arranged for the home-lovin tourist who in thirteen days is taken righ round Great Britain, visiting most, if no all, of the principal sea-coast ports an seeing much of the coast-line. Nor do this line forget the attractions of t Scandinavian Peninsula and Denmar The cruises the Booth Line offers ha undoubted attractions. Starting fro Liverpool, one need not see land clo again until one's steamer draws in to t coast to touch at Oporto some three da after leaving Liverpool.

THE PILLARS OF THE PARTHENON: A group of dancers in mode of classic Greece posed against the mellow marble columns

SPECIAL EASTER SECTION

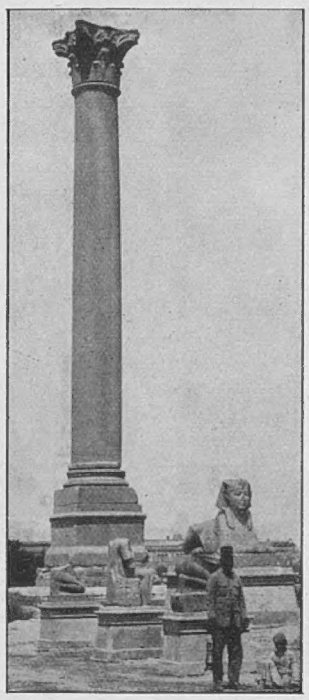
SEA IN SPRING

More Delightful than a Cruising Holiday?

HOLLAND

The places mentioned below, see announcement on later page

Then in a short time one is at Lisbon, built like Rome upon seven hills, with white-walled and red-roofed houses gleaming in the sun, and with the famous golden beaches of the Estorils, environed by orange groves, pepper trees, and blue-green-leaved eucalyptus, luring one to bathe. Then on to Madeira, with its life of eternal summer, its wonderful palms and delightful gardens, and the climbing streets of its capital which no horse traffic can negotiate, and where the life of the Riviera seems to have been transplanted. Here one can either break the journey or go on across summer seas to the mouth of the Amazon, and then up that wonderful river, which at first seems to have no banks at all and to be merely an extension of the sea, to Manaos.



POMPEY'S PILLAR: The largest block of granite in the world—at Alexandria

In any mention of pleasure cruising the wonderful motor-cruiser, *Stella Polaris*, of 6,000 tons must not be overlooked. A speciality is made of what may be called the round cruise to Portugal, the Canaries, the North African coast, and the North coast of the Mediterranean, including such places as Barcelona, Monaco, Naples, Athens, Malta, and Port Said, enabling passengers to visit Cairo.

The Blue Funnel Line, too, is catering very enterprisingly for tourists who fancy a visit to the South of France and Egypt, the vessels calling in at Marseilles. One great advantage of this line is that one can voyage out by one steamer to Marseilles and spend a fortnight on the Riviera, returning by the next steamer or even a subsequent one at fortnightly intervals. Or if time or inclination has it, go on to Port Said, disembark there and, after spending ten or twelve days or longer in Cairo, return by the next or subsequent steamer. Such a trip in spring, costing the quite low amount of just over £20 to Marseilles and back, has been found by many holiday-makers to be "just the thing they wanted."

Ewing Galloway

A general view of Stockholm

Naturally there are numbers of people who like to take and only have time for a short holiday at Easter on the Continent, and for them there are several means of reaching it. Tourists to Belgium and Holland, which are two of the most popular short-time holiday countries because they are so easily reached, cannot do better than travel by the London North Eastern Railway excursions.

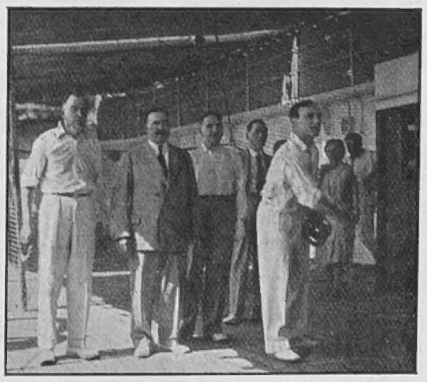
At Easter especially attractive reduced fares are available, and from the port of Harwich one easily and most comfortably reaches Holland by the Flushing route, and Belgium by that to Antwerp at very tempting rates, and for less than three guineas can travel from Liverpool as far afield as Cologne and back! Such steamers as the *Prague* and *Vienna* rob the sea passage of half its terrors for those who are not good sailors. They are the best and most luxurious tourist traffic steamers plying between this country and the Continent on cross-Channel services, and are of the standard of comfort of ocean-going liners.

Of late years a new route to the Continent via Tilbury and Dunkirk, which may be considered one of the most convenient gates to the Continent, has been inaugurated by the London, Midland and Scottish Railway. This offers the attraction to travellers from Scotland, the North of England, and the Midlands, for whom time on a short holiday is of importance, of their train running alongside the steamer's landing stage at Tilbury. Many travellers, too, will welcome the night crossing, with opportunities of comfortable rest, as so much additional time is saved for holiday-making. Sleeping berths on the boat, too, for third-class passengers are ridiculously cheap, and those by other classes can obtain all the comfort they need at a moderate extra charge. This route is particularly recommended to those visiting the battle-fields and War cemeteries of the Western Front and North of France, and is also a cheap route to Paris and to the interesting towns of Belgium lying along the western frontier of that country.

Those in search of sunshine and who can afford to go farther afield should not forget that the Bibby Line, sailing from Liverpool and returning to Plymouth or London, has planned most attractive cruises through the Mediterranean to Marseilles and Port Said, allowing opportunities for landing and visiting Egypt with its magnificent and interesting survivals of ancient civilizations and world-famed monuments. The charm of Cairo, on the very edge of the desert, with its native life, bazaars and fine hotels, cannot be exaggerated.

For those who can afford the time there is a delightful voyage to Ceylon with all its novelty and beauty—Anuradhapura, its ancient capital now famous for its ruins, the wonderful Rock Temple of Dumbulla nearly two thousand years old, and the amazing rock fortress of Sigiriya strangely set amid cultivated fields. Ceylon offers, too, attractions of splendid game shooting, fishing, golf and tennis, and the most beautiful of motoring roads. The Bibby Line's Easter tour to the Mediterranean leaves Liverpool on the eve of Good Friday, and the wonderfully low fares offer great attractions. Several of the newer ships are fine motor vessels with most attractive state rooms and every comfort, with facilities for amusement and enjoyment on the voyage.

Who would not choose a sea voyage for their holiday with such comfort available, variety of scenes in brilliant sunshine and over azure seas?



DECK QUOITS: A popular game on a cruising holiday. A picture taken on board the Arandora Star, *the famous Blue Star pleasure ship*

TO THE LAND OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE

On May-day the famous P & O liner RANCHI will leave England for a month's cruise, visiting strange ports and villages on the little-trodden shores of the Black Sea.

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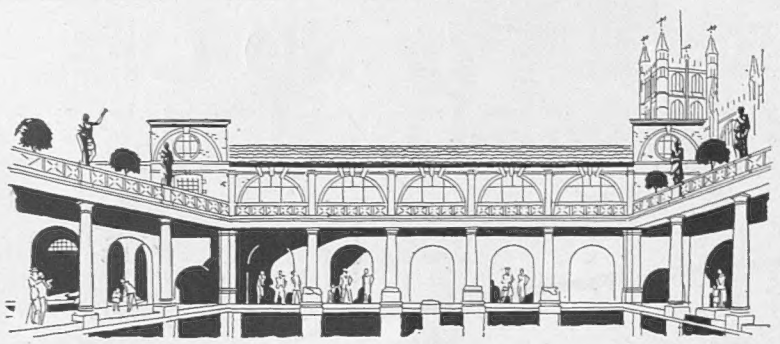
L.A.

BATH —At— Eastertide

The favourite Season of the whole year —everyone meeting in the beautiful Georgian Pump Room to drink the Waters, talk to friends and listen to music from the old Musicians' Gallery. The parks and gardens are filled with spring flowers, there are delightful walks and motor tours in every direction, and golf, tennis, squash rackets, football and other sports.

Music by the famous Pump Room Orchestra under the Direction of Edward Dunn, Eric Coates, Mark Hambourg, Robert Easton, Hilda Blake, Howard Fry, W. H. Squire, Maurice Cole, Winifred Small; Symphony and Orchestral Concerts, Dances and Balls; March 23–28, Orchestral Festival; April 27—May 2, Somerset Week.

The complete course of baths, waters and all entertainments is covered by the Bath-Cure Ticket, three weeks for 4½ guineas. Write for particulars and Easter Programme to John Hatton, Secretary, The Baths, BATH Non-stop expresses from Paddington reach Bath in 1¾ hours. All information from any Station or Agency of the Great Western Railway.



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And Stay at the

TREGENNA CASTLE HOTEL

(Under the management of the Great Western Railway Co.)

This well-known castellated mansion is situated amidst forest trees overlooking St. Ives Bay, 350 feet above sea-level in its own grounds of nearly 100 acres. Dairy produce from pedigree Guernsey herd on the Estate. The prospect from this elevation is charming, and the air bracing.

The Climate in this part of Cornwall is very mild throughout Winter.

TERMS from 4½ to 5½ guineas Weekly to May 31st

LUXURIOUS LOUNGES, 9-hole approach and putting course in the grounds. Tennis (Hard and Grass Courts), Dancing, etc.

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THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

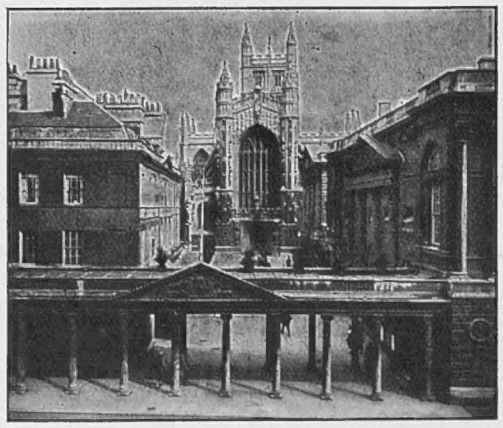
THE BEAUTY OF TH

Bath, Torquay, and D

By ALYME

At all times of the year the West Country is a favourite district with holiday-makers. There are several reasons for this. Firstly, perhaps, one may place the splendid services of express trains run by the Great Western Railway, the excellence of roads for motoring and excursions, the great variety and interest of the towns and villages passed through, the lovely and varied scenery, and the excellence of the accommodation found at the larger resorts.

Bath has been known for centuries as Britain's premier spa, and yearly thousands visit the picturesque and beautifully situated town for the cures that are to be obtained. Indeed, one must regard Bath chiefly as a health resort. The authorities of Bath, however, are insistent that the city should also be regarded as a preventive of ill-health as well as a cure for that misfortune, and certain it is that those who go to Bath cannot fail to be the better for the visit, even if they take only a very mild course of the waters as a means of toning up their systems or of ensuring good health for the future.



THE PREMIER SPA: The Abbey and the Pump Room in the Roman part of Bath

Bath has a unique possession in its natural hot springs, which are unique of their kind in Great Britain. The Romans founded the great Spa of Aquæ Sulis, and for three centuries and a half Bath formed the health and pleasure centre of Roman Britain, and a magnificent suite of baths were constructed, some of which survive until the present day and constitute the finest Roman remains in Britain.

Here one can obtain the cure for most of the diseases to which frail flesh is heir, and under most luxurious and up-to-date conditions. The hot springs, which for a couple of thousand years have been giving health and strength to the sick and suffering, are the property of the city. And the bathing establishment is one of the most up-to-date and scientifically equipped for medicinal water treatment in the world. Both the Aix and Vichy methods are employed for the benefit of those crippled by rheumatism and kindred complaints. Some of the baths are fitted with chairs worked by hydraulic power for lowering helpless people into the water. The natural hot radio-active water is well adapted to some of the most up-to-date treatments, and rheumatoid-arthritis, rheumatic-laryngitis, and many other ailments in the same group derive much benefit not only from the radio-active water, but also by inhalation of the valuable gases given off from the springs. There are swimming baths of mineral water, and even people who have no definite ailment often benefit from their use.

The eighteenth-century Pump Room, which was the centre of the social life of that period when Beau Nash was developing the city and creating it as a fashionable centre, still exists, and there the mineral water is still served as two centuries ago for drinking purposes.

But it must not be supposed that Bath has not ample attractions as a pleasure resort pure and simple. The beautiful town so picturesquely situated and with such charming survivals of gracious Georgian architecture indeed offers exceptional attractions of a social nature, while the neighbourhood is noted for its lovely scenery and historic and other interests. Entertainment is provided lavishly in the form of visits from first-rate London companies at the theatre, high-class concerts, cinemas, and facilities for dancing, and all kinds of indoor and outdoor amusements.

In the immediate neighbourhood are the famous Cheddar Gorge; historic Wells, with its beautiful cathedral; romantic Glastonbury, with its memories of King Arthur; the beautiful district of the Cotswolds; the Somersetshire coast, with lovely spots like Castle Combe; the charming fifteenth-century village of Lacock, Bradford-on-Avon; and farther afield Salisbury Plain and Stonehenge.

Holiday-makers who favour seaside resorts will find Torquay charming at Easter as, indeed, it is at most other times of the year. Not only are there excellent hotels and the usual indoor and outdoor amusements with the attractions of dancing in the Spa Pavilion and various hotels, theatres, cinemas, and concerts,

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SPECIAL EASTER SECTION

WEST COUNTRY

moor—and what they Offer

NORRIS

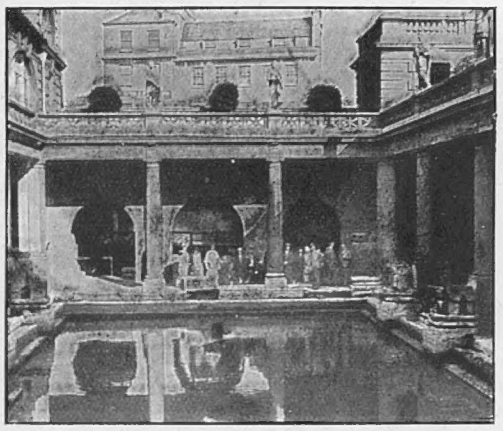
with bathing, golf, bowls, and tennis, but it is the centre of one of the most beautiful districts in Devon and within easy distance of lovely Dartmoor.

A holiday on Dartmoor is a thing to remember. Its wonderful air, vast expanses of moorland intersected with tiny, crystal-clear streams and dotted over with quaint old-world moorland villages, is not easily forgotten. If one has one's car so much the better; but in these days when walking or, to give its more common name, "hiking," has become once again popular, Dartmoor is, indeed, a district of allure. And no one need look upon a Dartmoor holiday as one of restricted comfort and possible dullness.

From Moretonhampstead Dartmoor and its many beauties obvious and hidden can easily be explored, and many of the intriguing spots, which are so delightfully described in the novels of Eden Phillpotts, can be visited including Bovey Tracey, Widdicombe, Chagford, and Princetown, that grim spot which figures in the pages of Eden Phillpotts' fine story, *The American Prisoner*. St. Ives on the North Cornish coast is in spring delightful too—a charming fishing town and historic harbour to which has of late years been added a modern town with good hotels and other accommodation for visitors, while close by is up-to-date Carbis Bay, with its beautiful sands and facilities for bathing, golf, tennis, and other outdoor amusements. And just outside St. Ives one finds a delightful hotel, the Tregenna Castle, once one of the principal country houses in the West of England situated upon a wooded hill overlooking St. Ives and set in the midst of the wonderful country of the North Cornish coast, within easy distance of Land's End, the Lizard, Kynance Cove, romantic Tintagel of Arthurian legend, and a coastline washed by the surges of the North Atlantic. Here, again, one has not only a delightful place of residence but over a hundred acres of park and woodland stretching almost down to the yellow beach at Porthminster and up to the edge of the wide gorse-clad stretch of moorland that crowns the hill. Here one has facilities for tennis and golf within easy reach, and in the grounds itself a nine-hole approaching and putting course. The whole of the Cornish Riviera can be easily explored, and almost any part of it reached within a couple of hours by motor. Easter sunshine is a speciality of this part of the coast as many people have already discovered.

RIVIERA: Babquay—the peer of resort for beauty

On the North Devon coast there are many delightful and popular resorts. And one of the newest and most attractive is Woolacombe Bay, reckoned by many people as the most beautiful in North Devon, with wonderful sands for bathing, and a shell beach which is far famed.



THE ROMAN BATH: A view inside the famous Thermae *of Roman days*

Farther afield and alluring to the holiday-maker of enterprise is the district in Pembrokeshire, the extreme south-west county of Wales, where one obtains a complete change not only of air—for Atlantic breezes blow at Fishguard—but also of language, and one finds quaint and little-known spots with strange out-of-the-way names. And nearby is the village city of St. David's with its cathedral, and round about the holiday-maker lies a land thickly strewn with historic castles. Fishguard Hotel provides the excellent accommodation that holiday-makers nowadays require. And in the wonderful gardens sub-tropical plants are found, and plants and flowers usually associated with the French and Italian Rivieras: palms, genistas, hydrangeas, camellias, eucalyptus trees, and many others.

Within easy distance is a sporting nine-hole golf course, and there is bathing at a private bathing beach, clock golf and tennis, while the fishing in the neighbourhood is excellent, both sea and fresh water. Fishguard is an excellent centre too for exploring the beauty spots and interesting places of Cardiganshire and Carmarthenshire and even farther afield.

It will be seen that a West Country holiday of the kind we have described has many attractions for holiday-makers of all kinds, and especially those who delight in fresh air, lovely scenery, and restful and luxurious accommodation.

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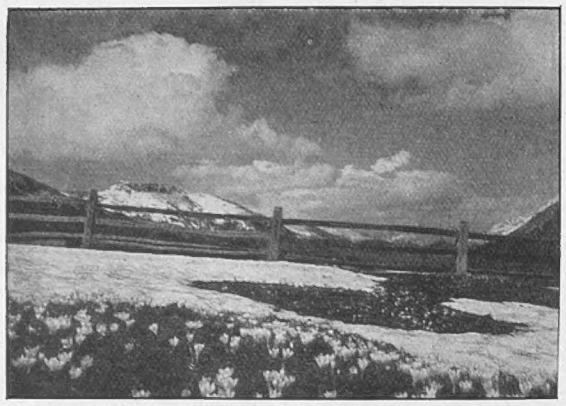
THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

SWITZERLAND

and its Flowers in Spring



CROCUS—HARBINGERS OF SPRING

At what other time is the lure of Switzerland so strong as in Spring? Spring, when Old Man Winter makes his slow retreat to the mountain summits and eternal snow fields where, unchallenged, he reigns for all time. Slowly at first, very slowly, the snows recede, leaving a brilliant wake of flowers, and in the valleys Spring holds her gipsy court, wandering from place to place from March until June, and even later.

April is a wonderful month on the Swiss-Italian Lakes—at Lugano, Locarno, and other charming places. Bracing, yet mild; laden with the scent of flowers, the soft air is a perfect tonic for jaded nerves and puts new vigour into one. With a mean shade temperature of 52 degrees the season is well ahead of our own. In the woods periwinkles blossom side by side with lily-of-the valley, and wild narcissi grace the open places. The lakeside promenades and villa gardens are gay with azaleas, camellias, mimosa, hydrangeas and rhododendrons, growing amidst palms and other sub-tropical shrubs. Sweetest of all and quite unforgettable is the wistaria, clinging to every other balcony and draping in mauve festoons the grey-white lichened walls.

May, unfortunately, is too late for the blossoming of the peach and nectarine orchards of Southern Switzerland, but a few days can always be put in at Lucerne en route for the South. In April and May the more gentle slopes around that lovely lake, in fact the hilly "great plain" of Switzerland from the shores of Constanz to Geneva is one white mist of cherry, apple and pear blossom, broken here and there by flower-strewn meadowlands and forest. Weggis, Vitznau and Brunnen, on the eastern shore of Lake Lucerne, are bracing sun-traps for the Spring.

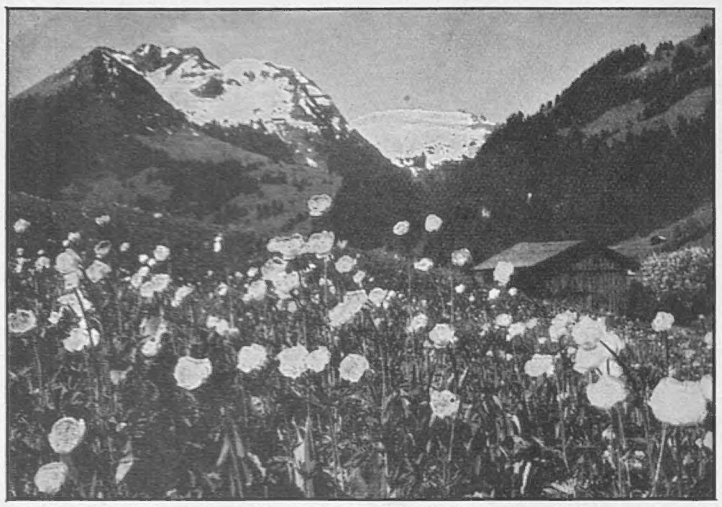
Lake Thun, also, is delightful at this time of the year. Many restful little places such as Spiez, Gunten, and Oberhofen offer first-rate opportunities for complete inactivity without boredom. Many of the hotels are smaller than by the other lakes, but very Swiss, which is to say excellent. As larger centres, Thun itself and Interlaken have much to recommend them. One sight should not be missed: the flowering of the wild narcissi around Montreux-Territet and Vevey (aux Avants, on Mont Cubly, Château-d'Oex). The bulb farms of Cornwall—of Holland—pale before those scented fields of white and gold.

And then, in June, Spring comes to the mountains. In the Oberland the Engadine, the Valais, from North to South, from East to West, a colour pageant awaits the fortunate wayfarer.

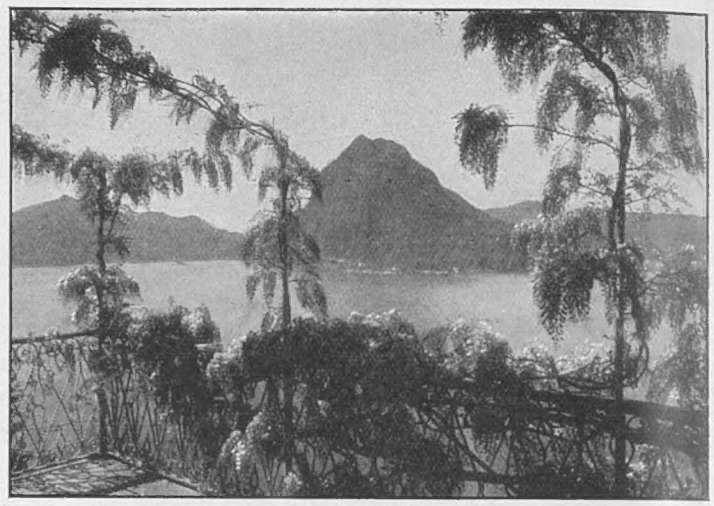
The progress of Spring can be traced in the flowers. Where monkshood raises its blue spikes the snow may have lain some ten weeks ago; three weeks before and the turf where *gentiana verna* disputes the sunshine with *potentilla aurea* was wrapped in winter's mantle; there, where soldanellas nod to the breeze and where the crocus blooms, perhaps the snow lay yesterday.

Selwyn Duruz.

NARCISSI ON THE VALAIS ALPS



GLOBE-FLOWER NEAR GSTAAD IN JUNE



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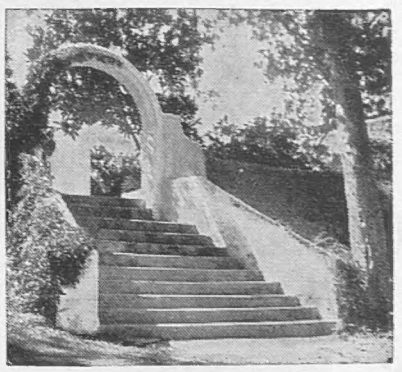

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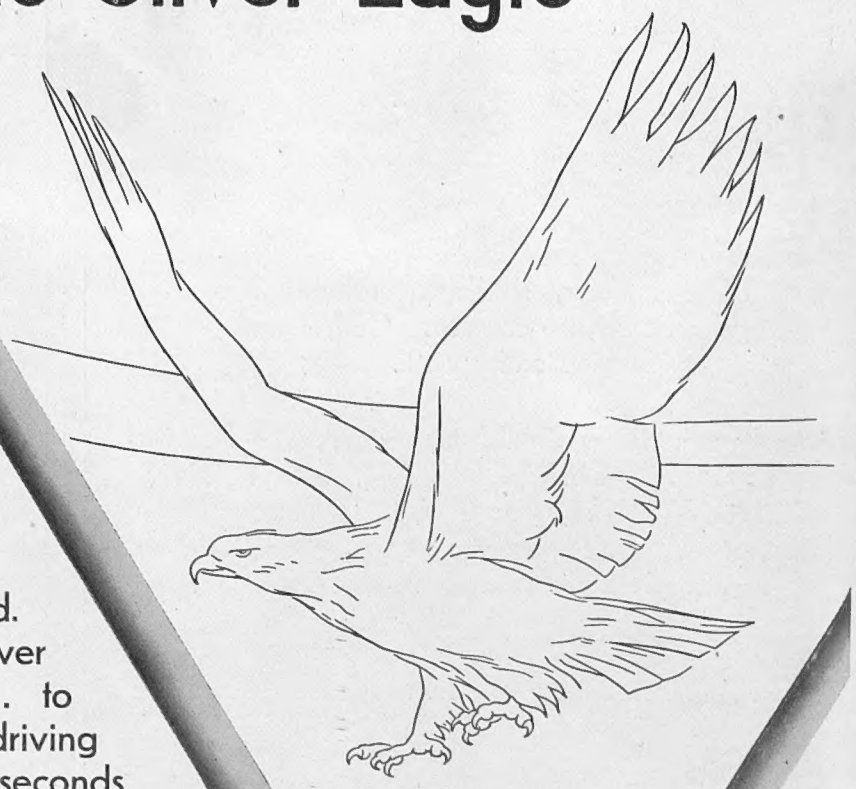

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WINTER'S DEFIANCE of SPRING: (The last, let us hope)

Though the crocuses are all waiting to prove to us that Spring is here, it will be some time before Londoners forget the Icy Visitation which affected the metropolis for day after day—Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday—was it never going to end? Darkening slush and a milder air on Wednesday gave hope of better things for the approaching week-end. This policeman was on duty at Oxford Circus, and a merry time he had with bus and car on skiddy roads.

A London Newsletter

THE BUDGET'S INEXORABLE DATE: The fact that Mr. Snowden, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been taken ill, will not mean that the Budget will be delayed in any way. It must go on, and all the work of preparation which is detailed in the article on page 401 of this issue, will be continued by many expert hands, the Board of Trade probably assisting. The final decision as to what new imposts should be brought before Parliament lies with the Cabinet

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, March 11, 1931.

Et tu, Brute.—Death and disillusion have been busy in the ranks of the Labour Party of late. It seems as if Mr. Henderson's mild triumph and the reflected glory of Lord Irwin's victory of patience and restraint have come too late to save the Army from disintegration. Death has claimed its only ornaments in the Lords. Disillusion, dissatisfaction, or utter fatigue have recently carried off Mosley, Trevelyan, and Arnold, not to mention five Mosleyites. Watching the remnants of his Party with jealous, jaundiced eye, the Cæsar of Hampstead and Lossiemouth rolls an *Et tu Brute* on the tip of his tongue. How fast has brother followed brother . . . ! Is it just coincidence? Is it pure chance that in one lamentable year three historic, determined, political parties, owing allegiance to reputedly experienced leaders, have one and all disrupted and disintegrated into groups of squabbling cliques, unchecked in their course of disloyalty by the brilliant opportunity offered by the decline of their rivals? Of course it is not. It is Nature's way of condemning and killing off an antiquated, worn-out, dishonoured political system. If anything should develop on the line of Liberal-Unionist co-operation, it is to be hoped that the wisdom of a completely fresh choice of political-party labels will be recognized at once. An "imperial and economy" party is the broad sense it is required to indicate. Liberalism, Conservatism, and Unionism to-day suggest nothing that is not long dead and rotting.

Sir Charles Trevelyan.—The Trevelyans have the hard heads, the iron determination, and the strong characters which so often distinguish illustrious Northumbrians and Border folk. They also inherit the legacy of genius and the marvellous memory which the family of Zachary Macaulay enjoyed. Lord Macaulay was Sir Charles's great uncle, and though long dead, he remains a great influence in the families of his sisters. May I recall one or two of the most famous aphorisms of that famous man?

> "We know no spectacle so ridiculous as the British Public in one of its periodical fits of morality."
>
> "That is the best Government which desires to make the people happy and knows how to make them happy."
>
> "Free trade, one of the greatest blessings which a Government can confer on a people, is in almost every country unpopular."

To me, a humble taxpayer, a common citizen, it seems incomprehensible that a highly intelligent Minister of State can seriously believe that the present financial and economic condition of England warrants and requires a new and enormous scheme of national expenditure on social services. Such a view seems to me stark lunacy. The British public, being bankrupt, is in one of its periodic fits of morality. It cries for economy. Sir Charles finds the British public as ridiculous as did his great-uncle Tom. It seems clear to me that Sir Charles refuses to believe not only in the death of great-uncle Tom, but also in the passing of the age in which he lived and wrote.

Lord Russell.—Lord John Russell should rightly belong to the history of the Dark Ages. Circumstances combined to bring him into our own times. His daughter, Lady Agatha, for example, is still alive and vigorous in mind, a fact which few realize. And men still comparatively young remember the stimulating society of Pembroke Lodge in their youth, while Lady John (as she is best remembered) survived. And finally he was succeeded in the title of Earl Russell by that brilliant, erratic grandson of his, who has just died untimely. For Lord John's son, Lord Amberley (as brilliant and erratic in his way as his own son) did not live to succeed. John, second Earl Russell, succeeded as a boy of twelve. In a tempestuous youth, he was the subject or the author of a hundred queer experiments, spiritual, and material. He inherited the shyness and diffidence of his grandfather, the fine intelligence, acute critical faculties, and rare culture of the Russells. His youthful environment—revolutionary, agnostic, hostile to established convention and tradition—helped to mould a naturally strong, unpliable character. A later effort to discipline him in surroundings conventional and sternly religious came too late. He went up to Oxford a confirmed enemy of conventional beliefs and accepted standards of conduct. Like all Russells he was passionately Liberal, a passionate supporter of freedom for thought and conduct; and thanks to a criminal error of judgment on Jowett's part while he was at Balliol, he was launched on the world with a stigma and a sense of cruel injustice.

Brilliant, Erratic, Charming.—A certain notoriety clung to him from that hour. His unconventional outlook and independence of character continually brought him back into the public view. He took up one thing after another with feverish zeal, never giving his genius time to work. He was a scientist rather than a politician, a philosopher rather than a lawyer. It was as a barrister that I first came in contact with him at my first consultation in chambers. I remember, to-day, how his swift and clear thinking impressed me, how his bright wit enlivened the dreary business. He was like quicksilver running over a lump of dough. He never shone more brilliantly than in the last years of life. The House of Lords owes him a debt of gratitude. Alone among a very particularly mediocre lot of Labour Peers, he maintained the high standards of debate which obtained in the great days of Lord John. He knew his subject, knew how to choose his words, was a master of clarity and terseness. A model of point, relevance, and wit, he must have despised and loathed the muddled verbosity of his comrades, the rudeness which covered ignorance, the platitudes which took the place of humour. There was enough brain power in his family to furnish an entire Government but not enough tolerance and patience with convention and slow-thinking to equip one under-secretary. One cannot help watching a lump of quicksilver on a mound of dough, for one knows that in the end the quicksilver breaks up and is lost in the dough. But one mourns the inevitable. There is something eternally attractive in a passionate partisan of individual freedom for thought and action. The third Earl Russell is quicksilver also, but quicksilver restrained in a glass tube.

Mr. Baldwin.—How short a time ago it seems that we congratulated ourselves with a heartfelt "thank God we have at last an honest man at the helm!" That was Mr. Baldwin. He was to bring us back to sanity and stability and dignity in Government. We had had enough of the brilliance and finesse and adroitness of Lloyd George. We were back to traditional party Government. It's not brains and brilliance we want, said we. Give us a man who won't make reckless promises, a plain, common-sense Englishman whom we can trust with the key of our safes. Mr. Baldwin was the very essence of our ideal. Mind you, we didn't insist on energy; on the contrary, I clearly remember we stipulated for a man who would "ca' canny" with legislation and give *us* a chance to pull *ourselves* out of the fire. If you can point to any single article in our demand which Mr. Baldwin has failed to satisfy, I cannot. Unless, indeed, we complain that he was too energetic in legislating. . . . But we do not charge him to-day with over-great energy.

Criticism Should Begin at Home.—When we declare his failure—and under his leadership, it is admitted, brilliant party opportunities have been lost—we must admit our own lack of vision. We asked for a Baldwin and our ideal appeared and out-Baldwined our ideal. The brilliant party-opportunities which he lost may possibly be national opportunities lost, but not certainly. In justice to Mr. Baldwin I will put on record what seems to me his one signal shortcoming in the conditions we imposed. The festering sore of his personal hatred of Lords Rothermere and Beaverbook (God knows how reasonable!) has lessened his efficiency and twice and thrice diverted his mind from the set course. To that extent our honest man has ground a personal axe. One of our main criticisms of his leadership to-day is that he refuses to break one of the vital conditions of the ideal leader, which we laid down—he will not dress his shop window, will not be prodigal of promised lands and Conservative Utopias, and root and branch economies. He has undoubtedly lost a great proportion of his popular appeal and esteem. Before we blame him let us blame ourselves for handing him so narrow a brief; we ought to have foreseen the coming of distrust and contempt for Parliament and allowed him some latitude in trumpet blowing to revive the dying spark. After all, we confirmed him in leadership only a few months ago. And when we are tired of self-criticism let us blame it on the times we live in. Mr. George and Mr. MacDonald have not added laurels to their crowns in the past few years. Nor indeed has any Conservative who might lead the party in the Commons.

Lord Irwin.—Is the time gone by when our greatest need is for men of fine character and high ideals to take the lead in public life? It is a curious reflection that to-day two outstanding characters are being bitterly criticised by cliques and caves formed in their own class and party. Lord Irwin is a brilliant, a *de luxe*, edition of Mr. Baldwin. He would detest to hear himself described as a Galahad or a saint. For he is a good mixer, a jolly companion, a lover of laughter, the best company, a sportsman in every sense of the term—the best type of English country gentleman. Yet for high character, noble ideals, a deep veneration for religion, the finest standards of honour and probity, he has no superior in history or fiction. If these cliques and caves confined themselves to questioning the political judgment of Lord Irwin they would be giving proof only of a very common frailty, an impatience expressed in loss of faith in an accepted leader. But when they charge him with cowardice, weakness, and even treachery, they reveal themselves as puerile and petty. Lord Irwin's "treachery" is proved by the fact that he conducts "serious" negotiations with a "half-naked Indian." It used to be a recognized feather in our national cap that we loved fair-play and made a point of giving every man a chance and not obstructing his measured course. Now it seems we have lost this national quality. We have staked every hundred yards of the measured course and set a heap of stones beside each stake. We speed our leaders on their course with a volley of stones from behind.

The Chevalier of St. George's.—If there is one man cut out by birth, character, and achievement to represent St. George's in Parliament, that man is Mr. Duff Cooper. Colonel Cooper has had a hectic fortnight; he should never have strayed in his search for a name beyond his own surname. Whatever Government is in power, Mr. Duff Cooper ought to be in Parliament. However strongly you support democratic government, you cannot deny that Mr.

A FIGURE OF GROWING INTEREST: Mr. Winston Churchill figured largely in the news of the past few days. His speech in connection with India was followed by an appearance on the platform at the Albert Hall where he spoke with characteristic Winstonian force. A few days ago he received a great ovation at Edinburgh, where this portrait of him was taken. The occasion was his installation as Rector of the University

Duff Cooper is the type of man and type of mind which most adorns the institution of Parliament and best serves the uses which it claims to bestow. Your Maxtons and Kirkwoods and Becketts have plenty of fire and cheek and no doubt plenty of ideas; your party hacks, your assiduous baronets, your climbing, safety-first knights, have great respect for convention if no real understanding of tradition. But what the Parliament of a glorious nation needs is men of fire, of ideas, of ideals, as liberal as you please, controlled by an inherited respect for tradition and a discipline acquired by training. And in this type the Mother of Parliaments is sadly to seek.

One Bright Spot.—My heart should by now be pleasure-filled and dancing with the daffodils. But a cruel north-easter compels those charming ballet-girls to dance still in sober green, and my heart is not yet filled with pleasure to capacity. That is why I turn with genuine delight from one item in the news. The appropriate Court of Law in America is considering the adequacy of a salary offer for Jackie Coogan. It is at the rate of £70,000 a year. Bearing in mind that little curly-haired Mitzi Green, who is rising ten years old, has been fobbed off with an insult of only £12,000, and having regard to present financial stringency, the Court will probably give reluctant assent, adding a rider that such skinflint terms must not be regarded as a precedent. Starving the babies is the most short-sighted of economies in bad times, and should be the very last to be attempted.

A Wreath of Bays.—A score of great-hearted young gentlemen have been voluntarily undergoing extreme discomfort, rigid discipline, a cold, calculated and insipid diet, and an intolerable amount of physical strain and mental boredom most of this winter. Then will come boat-race day and a great publicity stunt petering out, I greatly fear, in bathos, a procession, and Cambridge's umpteenth consecutive victory. May my Jeremiad prove utterly false! How little I can comprehend, how blindly I admire, the spiritual radiance of the rowing man! At Oxford in hall we used to stone the College Eight—which dined apart at a special table—with lumps of bread till old Raper, the Bursar of Trinity, sent down a note which never varied its terms: "Cast not thy bread upon the water-men or I shall fine thee after many days." We were actuated by some inherited legacy of sadism from our ancestors who stoned the martyrs and burned the saints, regarding such utter sacrifices for faith and ideals as proof of a brutish stupidity and mulish obstinacy. Yet I am assured that these young heroes have their reward even in this world. I try to believe it.

THE OLD STAGER.

FIGURES of INTEREST

In the News of the Week

THE COUNTESS OF MANTON watches the fate of the field in the Bicester and Warden Hunt Point-to-Point at Somerton a few days ago

FIGURES OF FATE: J. M. Rankin, at 6 st. 13 lb., is the lightest cox Cambridge have ever had. He is here seen at Goring with members of the crew—Carpmael (left), who is heaviest at 13 st. 2 lb., Symonds 12 st., and Sergel (behind) 12 st. 6 lb.

IGOR STRAVINSKY IN PERSON AT THE QUEEN'S HALL: The Russian composer appeared last week at the Queen's Hall as composer, pianist, and conductor. He is here seen conducting his own "Fire Bird," being the penultimate concert of the Courtauld–Sargent series

MUNICIPAL REFORMERS AGAIN IN POWER: The Municipal Reform Party in the L.C.C. was returned with an increased majority, the Socialists losing six seats and the Liberals one. The M.R. forces now number eighty-three as against seventy-seven in the old council. Here Mr. Robert Clavering and Mr. Evan Evans are seen canvassing St. Pancras with the aid of a loud speaker and a town crier

The SNOW MANTLE

Scenes during the Icy Blizzard which Swept

DIRECTING TRAFFIC IN A LONDON SNOWSTORM: It was no light task during the week-end for the traffic policemen at busy crossings. Swirling snow made visibility for everyone concerned very poor

HEAVY WINDS ACCOMPANIED THE SNOWSTORMS: Condition seas breaking over esplanades and sea walls, making the inhabitants of sea fro a moment when tremendous seas we

A HARDY CREW FACES TH Putney. The crews while pr seats of th

THE SNOW BLIZZARD AT ITS HEIGHT DURING THE BIG FIRE NEAR THE TOWER BRIDGE: The blizzard period was marked by one of the most serious outbreaks of fire which have occurred in London during recent years. The fire broke out at Butler's Wharf, a big seven-floor building full of rubber and tea. Fifty-two hours passed before the fire was pronounced extinct

THE SEA CONSUMES TH Kentish resort. A very hea on the margin of the se

E OVER ENGLAND

Sea and Land for Four Days

all down the English Channel were very rough during the week-end, heavy houses frightened to go to bed. The Torbay road at Torquay is seen above at crashing against the promenade wall

NORTH EASTER: The Cambridge crew are here seen with their boat at ising encountered ice in the river, and the frozen spray clogged the sliding craft. A second boat had to be employed for further practice

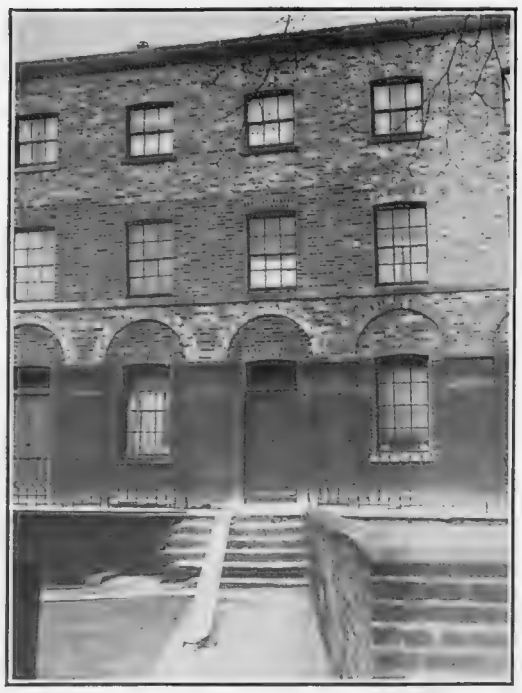
THE ZOO DOES NOT APPROVE: The leonine inhabitants of the Zoo found the snowy conditions of the Gardens far from their liking. Paterfamilias decides that the outer cage is no place for his rising family. An air of anxious concern was evident on his massive countenance when a "Sphere" cameraman caught him thus

SNOW AT RAMSGATE: A novel method was adopted at this popular snowfall covered the streets, was duly collected in carts, and dumped down where the waves graaually swallowed up the heaps of dirty-white snow

EXERCISE IS THE THING DURING SNOWY WEATHER: This was evidently the determination of Sam, the Zoo lion, who was to be seen leaping from side to side in his cage in a firm resolve to keep warm at all costs

Charlie Chaplin thinks about the World

Economic Problems Seen Through the Eyes of the World's Best-Known Laughter-Maker



WHERE CHAPLIN WAS BORN: '3, Pownall Terrace is in the Kennington Road — one of a row of simple little dwellings built in the early nineteenth century

"If America is to have sustained prosperity the American people must have sustained ability to spend. If we continue to view the present conditions as inevitable the whole structure of our civilization may crumble. The present deplorable conditions certainly cannot be charged against the five million men out of work, ready to work, anxious to work, and yet unable to get jobs. If capital represents the genius of America it would seem obvious that for its own sake the present conditions should not continue or ever again be repeated."

Charles Spencer Chaplin, radical millionaire, heaviest investor in world laughter, was speaking.

"While crossing the American continent I have been talking to all sorts of men—railway men, workers, fellow travellers—and I heard that times are even harder than before the end of the old year," he said. "The country is talking about prohibition, which, as Will Rogers says, you cannot feed to the hungry. Unemployment is the vital question, not prohibition.

"Machinery should benefit mankind. It should not spell tragedy and throw it out of work. Labour-saving devices and other modern inventions were not really made for profit, but to help humanity in the pursuit of happiness.

"If there is to be any hope for the future," he continued, "it seems to me that there must be some radical change to cope with these conditions. Some people who are sitting comfortably don't want the present state of affairs changed. This is hardly the way to stave off any Bolshevistic or Communistic ideas which may become prevalent.

"Something is wrong—things have been badly managed when five million men are out of work in the richest country in the world. I don't think you can dismiss this very shocking fact with the old-time arguments that these are the inevitable hard times which are the reaction of prosperity. Nor do I think that the present economic condition should be blamed on current events. I personally doubt it. I think there is something wrong with our methods of production and systems of credit. Of course, I speak as a layman, like many thousands of others who are baffled concerning this very serious state of affairs.

"I am not in a position to go into world economics, but it seems to me that the question is not whether the country is wet or dry but whether the country is starved or fed. Also, it doesn't seem to me that there is any doubt but that a shorter working day would take care of the unemployed. Mr. Ford has urged shorter hours for labour and innovations in our credit system. I think such changes might avert future serious national catastrophes."

Chaplin dislikes being referred to as a propagandist for humanity.

"I leave humanity to humanity," he insisted. "Achievement is more than propaganda. I am always suspicious of a picture with a message. Don't say that I am a propagandist."

We could not help wondering if Charlie Chaplin's denial of propaganda wasn't a form of self-deception. Has his Charlie of the screen ever been other than one of the millions of unemployed who are now baffled and worried over circumstances that they cannot control? Hasn't Charlie the millionaire been consistent in showing in thousands and thousands of feet of film Charlie the futile? Consciously a millionaire, subconsciously his funny feet are reaching for a soap-box.

Charlie Chaplin's hair is white at the temples, and only occasional black streaks the grey. He wore a blue suit, blue shirt, blue tie and handkerchief. There was no reminder of a youth spent in the London slums save his live, personal concern for the jobless men throughout the world.

Commenting on possible sweeping reforms in the near future, Chaplain said:

"The world at present is in such a turmoil of change that there are no definite signs of stability anywhere upon which to speculate sensibly concerning the future, but I am sure it will be a good enough world to want to live in for a while.

"I want to live for ever," he added, "I find that life is very interesting, not from the point of view of success, but from the changing conditions, if only people will meet them and accept them and go along with them. It is so much better to go with the change, I think, than to go against it. As I grow older I find it is better to go with the tide."

When asked what changes he most wanted to see he answered:

"Shorter hours for the working man and a minimum wage for both skilled and unskilled labour which will guarantee every man over the age of twenty-one a salary that will enable him to live decently."

Did he nave a religion?

"Life is my religion," he replied. "Living it. I do not feel the need of any other, nor am I at all concerned with what happens after death. What I fear is the approach of death—illness."

He hopes to be making pictures when the end comes. He has no thought of retirement. He is in his early forties, and the years ahead look good.

How does it feel way up there—alone at the top of your art? he was asked. He was caught off guard, and he wriggled around on the sofa like an embarrassed schoolboy.

"It is nice of you to feel that way about my pictures," he said. "All it has proved to me is that I am an individualist, that I am different, not that I am better. I have heard people laugh just as much at other films as at mine. I do not say this with false modesty but because it is true. There are some people who say, 'I don't see Charlie Chaplin; I don't think he is funny.' That is all right. I can say that myself. They have a right to their opinion, but as Mr. Shaw said upon one occasion, 'Thank God they are in the minority.'

"I only resent any who say I am vulgar," he continued. "This I deny. I may deal with vulgar subjects, but I myself am not vulgar. I may have been primitive, but I insist not vulgar.

"I am sure that it is bound to happen that others will pass me in fame, and why not? Each dog has his day. Everything is relative. I am Charlie Chaplin. Someone else is someone else. There is room for everybody. I am not obsessed with success. I only want to be in a position to make the pictures that I like to make. If the public appreciates them, this, of course, puts me in a very fortunate position.

As to why he does not make more pictures, Charlie Chaplin gave as his reason:

"The older we become the fewer ideas we have, and so we tell ourselves we are getting more fastidious, more meticulous. Whether or not there is any improvement in my work I don't know. People tell me the character is becoming more realistic. I am not in a position to judge. Sometimes I have an urge to make him more of a character. Other times I feel him a symbol. I like this last picture because there is something of myself in it without changing the character.

City Lights is a philosophic comment on the tragedy of idealism handled very lightly. The reason it hasn't the usual fad-out is because it would have been laying it on too thick for me to walk away in this picture. There was a chance for the girl, so I let her take the scene.

"It is a dangerous thing to have ideals," Mr. Chaplin warned. "They throw you in jail for having them. It is tragic to have ideals, because they are always so disappointing. You can't get away from them, however. Clinging to them is the only way to survive life."

THE RAISED HAT: A gesture which has earned millions

The stick, boots, and moustache which have earned the Chaplin millions

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S PRESENT HOME AT HOLLYWOOD: A striking contrast to the little simple home in Kennington

INDIA and RUSSIA in the FOREFRONT

TIFFIN ON THE HUGE LAWNS OF THE NEW DELHI: A Viceregal garden party, one of the social wonders of the East, took place on February 10. The groupings are as they always have been

COMRADE SEMLYATSCHKA: High forest official of the Moscow Labour Bureau

Above—*PRESIDENT KONIBYCHEFF, of the Soviet Commission of Economy, connected with the Lumber Camp work.* Below—*TIFFIN IN LONDON: Lord Willingdon, the coming Viceroy, was a centre of much interest at the Chief Punjaub Association's tea-party*

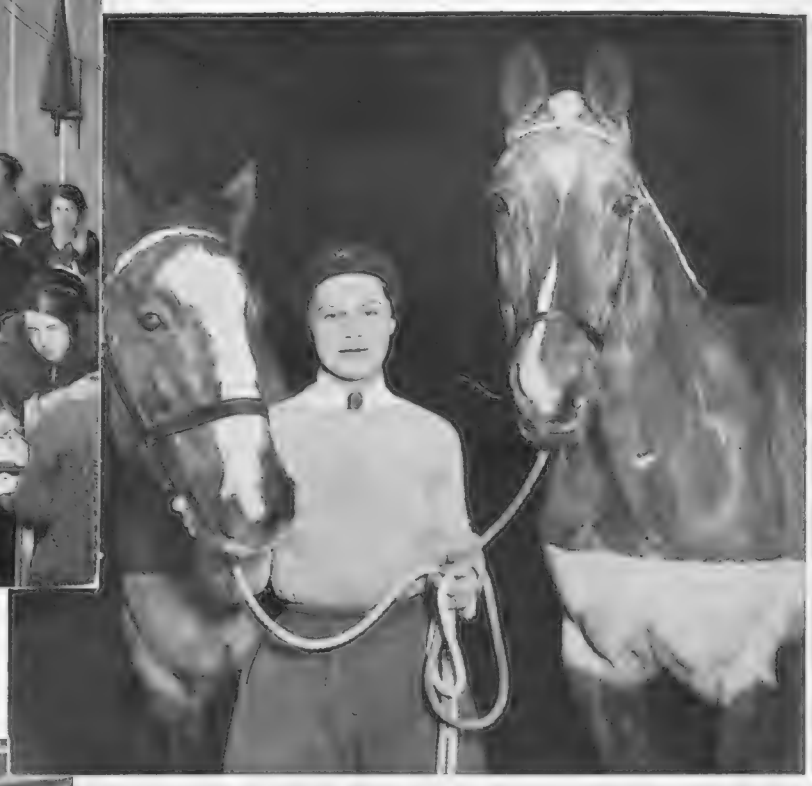
Above—*Gandhi addressing followers at Delhi during the Peace negotiations.* Below—*Comrades Davidson, Oukhanoff, and Peters, officials of the Moscow Presidium connected with the lumber camps*

THE BIG PROTEST MEETING IN THE ALBERT HALL WHICH COMMUNISTS SOUGHT TO BREAK UP: This picture was taken in the Albert Hall during the anti-slavery meeting which took place on Friday evening of last week. There were frequent outbreaks of interruption during the meeting and numerous ejections took place from the gallery seats. Mr. Winston Churchill made an effective speech; attempted demonstrations outside the building were dispersed by the police

A LAST LOOK ROUND

At the Week's News

ILLEGAL TO SELL IRISH LOTTERY TICKETS HERE: But in this picture you see the staff busily engaged at the Grand National Irish Free State Sweepstake headquarters in Dublin, dealing with the colossal post which arrives each day. The total is expected to approach £1,000,000, with a first prize of £300,000, and hundreds of other prizes



THOROUGHBREDS AND HUNTERS DRAW HORSEY LONDON TO THE AGRICULTURAL HALL: Miss Rigby is here seen with two of Lady Wright's jumpers. The King entered his stallion Glastonbury for a premium class

THE BABY CAR SPEED DUEL: Motorists at Oxford inspecting the M.G. Midget car which recently set up a new world's record

A CLEVER DEVICE: Overshoes and motoring rug in one. Above on right—Workmen engaged in operations at the Row in Hyde Park have come across a large tunnel with which a smaller one connects. At present the origin and purpose of these tunnels have not been discovered

A CHRISTENING IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL: The christening of the twin daughters of Lady Alexandra Metcalfe and Major E. D. Metcalfe took place at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, by kind permission of the King. The children received the names of Linda Mary and Davina Naldera. Left to right—Major E. D. Metcalfe (father), Colonel Sir Clive Wigram (godfather to Linda Mary), Lady Alexandra Metcalfe (mother), the nurses with the two babies, Lady Astor (godmother to Linda Mary), the Duchess of Rutland (godmother to Davina), and the Earl of Westmorland (godfather to Davina)

THE REAL STATE OF FRANCE:

Will She Succeed in Avoiding the Dole for the Hundreds of Thousands of Unemployed She has Only Recently Discovered She Has in Her Country?

By JOSSLEYN HENNESSY

The economic world is like a game of musical chairs. As long as the music of prosperity is playing, no country is willing to foresee that it may lose the game, and each pursues its way with unheeding tread, casting gleeful eyes at the thinning ranks of those who have so far managed to survive the removal of the economic chairs of prosperity. A year ago the United States sat down with a mighty bump to find her economic chair vanished. The removal of this formidable player caused the economic forces to take the remaining chairs away in rapid succession, until France alone was left. In the last few weeks, however, the winner's chair has been discovered to be in a condition of collapse.

One of the first symptoms of economic trouble is the unemployment figure. But in France, as in the United States, bad times crept in unforeseen, and no accurate method of collecting unemployment statistics exists. Unemployment relief in France is granted by the local authorities who receive a 50 per cent. subvention from the State. There is no unemployment insurance scheme, so that the figures show only those who have applied for relief. The average for the last six months was 8,000. It has long been known that this was below the real number of unemployed, because the French worker has so far fortunately not been brought up in conditions which accustomed him to look upon the dole as a normal part of his existence, and still regards it with the repulsion with which we used to look upon the workhouse. The Government seems to have received warnings from its economic services in the autumn, and set on foot an inquiry which established the figure of 350,000 wholly unemployed and 1,000,000 working on a five-day week.

Although these figures were announced by the French delegate at the January conference on unemployment of the International Labour Bureau at Geneva, they were not included in the *communiqué* to the press, and only percolated back to France about the middle of last month. The Socialists lost no time. M. Léon Blum remarked with characteristic French irony that there were apparently two truths, 30,000 (the latest monthly figure) for home consumption to allay domestic fears, and 350,000 for foreign consumption to make a good case for France at the International Labour Bureau. The Socialists immediately proposed a vote of £800,000 to be spent in relief before April 1, when the new Budget comes into effect, and the Communists, not to be outdone, doubled the sum; it was further insisted that the absence of a scheme of unemployment insurance on English or German lines disgraced France before the civilized world.

In reply, it was pointed out that the local funds worked in conjunction with unemployment bureaux and that it was a physical impossibility to open and staff enough bureaux to sift the requests for assistance and decide upon the spending of so large a sum in so short a time. M. Laval, the Prime Minister, maintained that under the existing arrangements £100,000 was all that was needed until April 1. He lost the day and £800,000 was voted. The bitterness of the Socialist attack has in turn made the more moderate press tend to minimize the seriousness of the situation. It is emphasized, for example, that every time the census is taken some 250,000 are found in normal times of prosperity to be unemployed; this figure is made up of a constantly shifting body of men who form the national employment reserve, and that therefore these must be subtracted from the official figure of 350,000, leaving only 100,000 really unemployed without prospect of work, and so on and so forth.

It is impossible to do more than guess at the real situation. The official statistics are based on an analysis of the figures of industrial firms employing 100 men and over; France is, however, the country of small firms and the individual worker. Of the 21,000,000 who form the working population only 6,000,000 (or 28 per cent.) are really industrial workers, and of these 6,000,000 there are not more than 4,000,000 salaried workers (or 19 per cent.); there are, however, 1,162,000 workers on their own account, and no less than 683,000 *patrons*. On the other hand, in Great Britain there are 90 per cent. salaried workers, 6·3 per cent. workers on their own account, and only 3 per cent. employers. These statistics prove the complete inadequacy of the official French inquiry which, moreover, takes no account of agriculture, the liberal professions and domestic service. For every point that the British index of production went down between 1929–30, 52,000 men went out of work; supposing that this estimate could be applied to the French index of production, the figure of 520,000 would be now reached. French observers whom I have consulted on behalf of THE SPHERE accept the official figures subject to a margin of error of 100,000. On the other hand an authoritative non-French observer, whose position demands that his comments should be treated with respect, is convinced that there are at least 1,000,000 wholly unemployed. The truth will not be known for many months yet. It is, however, admitted on all sides that 1931 is likely to be a lean year for France and will see a considerable increase in unemployment.

These considerations lead one to ask how strong the French powers of resistance to the unemployment crisis may be. The great strength of the country is that, to such a large extent, the Frenchman cannot "get the sack," because he cannot very well "sack" himself. This will be appreciated still further when, to the figures for industry quoted above, those for agriculture are added; of 8,591,000 agriculturists, 5,000,000 are workers on their own account. When a country finds itself considerably less wealthy than it was before, it is faced with two alternatives: either a sacrifice can be made, and a certain body of workers kept in employment at the old standard of living, while a considerable number of their fellows have to accept a very greatly reduced standard (and this is the position of the employed and unemployed in our country), or the burden can be equally distributed by the acceptance of a lower standard of living by all. The large number of small firms and independent workers in France will enable the burden to be distributed more equally and will certainly prevent France from ever reaching figures proportionate to our own.

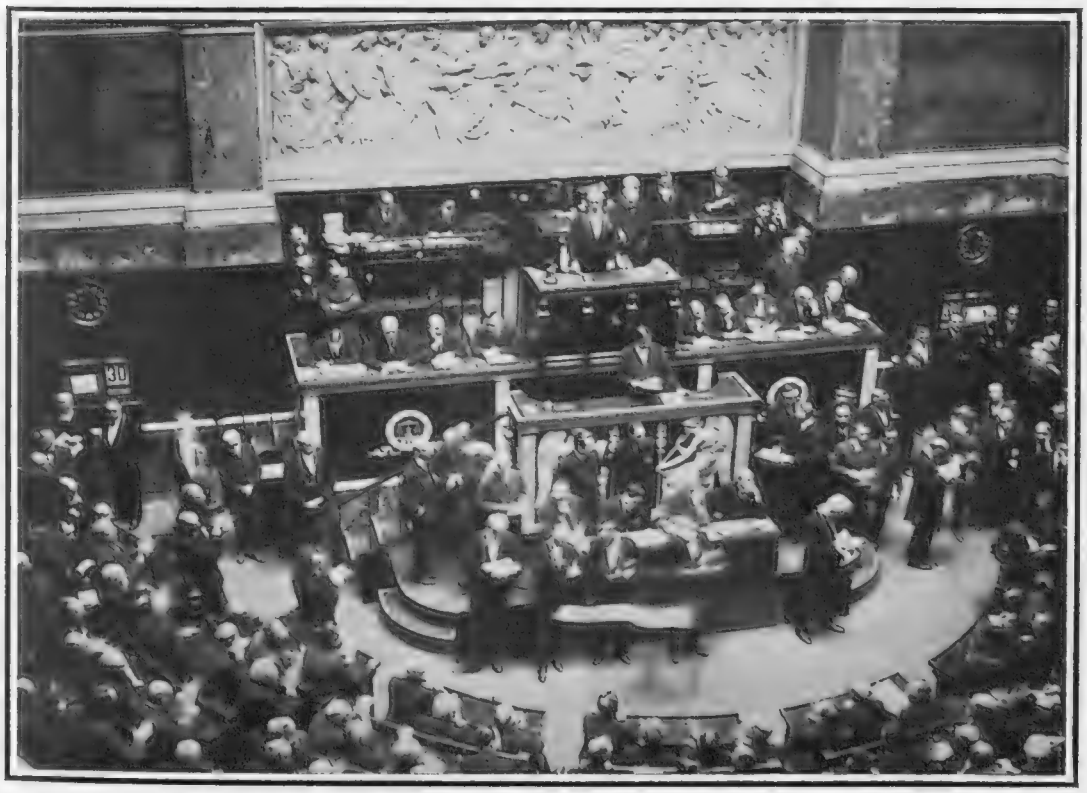
This widespread distribution of property is partly due to the French Revolution and partly to the law of inheritance which divides property at death equally between all the heirs. A further source of strength to France is the thrift and industry of her people, which have probably been largely brought about by the economic difficulties following on the law of inheritance and by the fact that she is the land of the peasant *par excellence*. Fifty-four per cent. of her population is rural, and the land breeds a frugal and hard-working people. In turn, this large rural population gives to the French national economy a balance which is lacking in our own. Whereas our history and geographical situation have enabled us to achieve wealth by a high degree of industrial specialisation, which makes us particularly dependent on world conditions, the history and geography of our neighbours have enabled them to achieve a lesser degree of wealth with a far higher degree of independence of world conditions.

French agriculturists feed French industrialists, and these meet the requirements of the agriculturists probably to an extent greater than in any other country. Another powerful factor is that France has for a long time had to import considerably more than 100,000 foreign labourers every year. Although the Minister of Labour has officially stated that there can be no question of turning out *en masse* the hundreds of thousands of foreign workers now in France, steps are being taken to restrict immigration severely and to repatriate foreigners by degrees as their contracts fall through. This necessity to draw on foreign labourers in normal years presents in times of depression a considerable source of economy, as the countries from which these workers came have to bear the burden of their unemployment.

So much for the very real strength of France. But the raising of the vote in the Chamber from £100,000 to £800,000 seems to me a very significant fact which has not received the notice that it deserves. It opens the whole question of the great weakness that has developed in the Parliamentary system of modern days. Formerly those who elected members of Parliament were the people who had to raise money to meet new expenditure; Parliament consequently exercised a careful control over public expenditure.

Nowadays the small minority who pay the piper is lost in the great majority of electors who call the tune, and Parliaments have become unchecked and reckless spending machines. French Socialists differ not at all from those of other countries. Their attention is concentrated on providing maintenance instead of searching to promote economic conditions which will enable the machine to run smoothly and provide work, and so more wealth for all. In reply to M. Laval's defence in moderate language of his £100,000 vote, M. Léon Blum taunted him with his mean, exacting, and sordid charity scheme. The French *Députés* gave away before such language on February 23.

Nobody wishes to deny assistance to those who cannot get work; but when affairs reach the point that they have in Britain and Germany, where millions have now been taught to look to the State for relief and the spirit of self-reliance and initiative is seriously undermined, when the red tape involved in vast schemes of unemployment insurance tends to make the transfer of labour from a declining industry to a new industry slow and difficult, then the Parliamentary system has seriously weakened the elasticity of the national economy's effort to survive in a world which can only be kept going by the fittest. The French Parliament has lost the first round, but by no means the whole fight. Those who believe in democratic government will watch the French unemployment policy closely, for I venture to assert that on the ability of the French Chamber to resist the temptation to provide relief as opposed to promoting healthy economic conditions may depend the whole future of the Parliamentary system of government in Europe.



FACING AN UNEMPLOYMENT CRISIS: The new French Government. M. Pierre Laval, the new Prime Minister, is seen above standing with papers in his hand, outlining his policy. Standing above him is the Deputy-President (the French "Speaker") of the Chamber, M. Moncelle

LADY DRUMMOND-HAY writes on

WORLD AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

EVOLUTION IN THE ORIENT.—The great wheel of evolution and progress is slowly moving through endless time. Civilization, knowledge, power, and religions were born in the East and followed the path of the sun. The white races—the West—are at the zenith, if not already past it. Slowly but surely the great wheel is swinging up the East.

The West received its culture from the East. Now the East is drawing its modern learning, political and other sciences, its spirit of independence and freedom, from the West. A resurrection on a gigantic scale is taking place before our eyes, but so close are we to the picture that we cannot realize its magnitude or importance.

All the world is stirred and worried by what is going on in Russia, a half-Oriental country, where a new political, social and economic gospel is being experimented. China, with a population as large as that of all Europe, is awakening, has already made tremendous strides since 1911, under an inspiration that came from the West. India, with its 320,000,000 and the strange figure of Gandhi as leader, is stirring, groping towards a new evolution.

Behind the scenes on the Oriental stage, which the Westerner seldom gets opportunity to glimpse, and not always understands what he sees there if he does, the thought of Western modernism, the realization of the necessity for mutual co-operation for the good of the Arab race and the spirit of unity, is beginning to stir Arab leaders.

Between Baghdad and Medina, I learn, the liveliest informal exchanges of views are in progress. In typical Oriental fashion, and that means no hurry, discussions are being held on the question of a League of Arab Nations, in which each State will remain independent, and as to the most practical way of beginning it with Iraq, Transjordania, and Arabia. In spite of the fact that Ib'n Saoud, the remarkably able King of the Hedjaz, drove out the father of Feisal, King of Iraq, Feisal, I understand, is urging that the past be forgotten, that tribal feuds and rivalries end, and that all should work together for the common good of the Arab race.

Arab leaders who have vision realize that Arab power and influence, of glorious tradition, will never amount to anything again so long as it remains split up as now, with much of it under foreign domination.

The plan that is germinating and crystallizing in the Arab mind is, in effect, some kind of co-operative League or Union of Iraq, Transjordania, and Arabia. That to become the nucleus of the larger League of Arab Nations, to be followed in turn by propaganda in Northern Africa for the union of the Arab races there. Last of all, Egypt to be drawn into this bond. Then the dreamed League of Arab Nations would extend from the Gulf of Persia and the Indian Ocean, to Tangier on the Atlantic, and the Pillars of Hercules—Gibraltar. That is the goal.

Cairo is regarded by modern Muslims as the intellectual pivot of the Muhammadan world. Situated, as it is, in the centre, the City of the Pyramids is looked upon as the future capital of the Pan-Arab League of States. Egypt, the last to join such a federation, "will be the crown of the Arab League," as one of the leaders expressed it. It is a beautiful dream of the awakening Arab mind. When I suggested that it was a long vision into the future, one of the leading spirits in the movement said:—

"We in the East know not time. We can wait. The West is working for us. Thousands of years ago we taught you. Now we are learning from you. China is rising again. India is awakening. Why should not the Arab nations, for a time the most powerful on earth, arise to power again? The same spirit and thought that is animating China and India is stirring us."

THE IDES OF MARCH.—"Beware the Ides of March!" The sinister warning to Julius Cæsar might well be given a more general application this year, March, at this writing, looms up once again as an ominous month of spring crises.

Within the Empire we have a number of "crises" that are still with us. New ones approaching. In England, the "old ones"—unemployment, taxes, the budget, foreign trade. In India, there promises to be the beginning of an acute stage, unless the conversations between the Viceroy and Gandhi reach a conclusion mutually satisfactory. In Australia, March may bring more serious developments in the "collapse of a continent," as some Continental papers head-line a situation that is disquieting indeed.

In South America, slumbering fires of revolution are flaring up again in Peru and Paraguay. There is further rumbling in the Argentine and talk of a fresh crisis in Brazil. In China, the Red peasant "armies," armed and munitioned from unknown sources, threaten still greater depredations with the coming of milder weather in March. Both Chiang Kai-shek, President and Generalissimo of the Central Government, and Chang Hsueh-liang, War Lord of Manchuria, are placing extensive orders for aircraft, rifles, machine-guns, and munitions in Europe. In addition, the disastrous drop in the price of silver has brought a crisis to China for which there is not yet a solution in sight.

March promises an intensification of the political crisis in Egypt with the approaching Parliamentary election under the unpopular new governmentally decreed and reformed election laws.

The month of March is dreaded this time in Germany. Though the Brüning Government has things firmly in its hands, the refusal of American bankers to grant any long-term loans or credits to Germany is certain to reflect itself disturbingly one way or another in her politics and economics.

CHINA LEARNS FROM THE WEST! European sailors dance with Celestials, who unite the clothes and steps of the Occident with the tricks and wiles of the Orient

SPORT IN THE ANDES.—The Prince of Wales, "England's best travelling salesman" as Continental newspapers love to describe him, picturing him with a sample case in one hand and an order book in the other, will have the unique experience of seeing, perhaps hunting, wild horses and cattle, when he is an honoured guest within the next few days, at a Ranch on Lake Huapi in South-western Argentine. These horses and cattle are not merely untamed, but "wild" in the wildest sense of the term.

Lake Huapi is on the Eastern slope of the Andes, at an altitude of 2,500 ft. With its sharply cut, precipitous banks reminding one of the Norwegian fjords, the lake nestles in a wooded region through which roam the wildest horses and cattle in South America, if not in all the world. They are the descendants of stock left behind many years ago, when an Argentine rancher wearied of the loneliness of the lower Andes and moved the greater part of his livestock on to the plains nearer to Buenos Aires. The thin, long-legged horses are intensely fierce and have the speed of the wind. The cattle have very long horns. Both have acquired the faculty of wild animals of scenting humans at an extraordinary distance, and quickly thunder into the vastnesses of the extensive forests. If surrounded they fight fiercely, the horses with teeth and hoofs, the cattle with their horns. A hunt for wild horses and cattle, I hear, is one of the most interesting events on the programme for the Prince's stay at the ranch on Lake Huapi, offering the prospect of greater thrills and excitement for him than he has ever previously experienced, even during his African hunting trips.

KING ZOGU: The ruler and creator of modern Albania, who went to Vienna for science and cure, and there found romance, and the shadow of death

THE BALKAN STAGE.—Achmed Zogu, Ruler of Albania, and Europe's only bachelor king, was almost assassinated in Vienna the other day because, so Viennese gossip insists, he remained longer in the Austrian capital than he should have done in order to see more of the wonderful eyes and gorgeous blonde hair of the beautiful Baroness Marie de Janko. The assassin bullets intended for the Albanian king killed Major Topollay and wounded Ekrem Bey Libuhova.

The incident has again shown that the Balkans continue to be Europe's operetta stage in real life, with that dramatic blend of tragedy and comedy which has furnished so much inspiration and material to novelists and librettists of musical comedy.

Picturesque, colourful figures who might have stepped out of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *Graustark*, and similar novels stalk across that stage in flesh and blood. Kings and queens, princes and princesses, heroes and villains are still very human, amusing when not interesting, and live up to the traditional rôle in South-Eastern Europe. There is nothing about them of the colourlessness or figure-head character of their kin in Northern Europe. They still live, love, hate, fight, intrigue, and carry on politics there with a touch of Oriental passion.

What actors, tragedies, comedies, we have seen on that stage! Nikita, patriarchal shepherd king of little Montenegro, "Lord of the Black Hills," of whose borrowing habits some of the chancelleries finally wearied, so at the end of the War they wiped off his little country from the map and incorporated it with Jugoslavia. His son, Crown Prince Danilo, who objected strongly to having been made the hero of Franz Lehar's operetta, *The Merry Widow*. King Alexander and Queen Draga of Servia, murdered in their palace in Belgrade, and her body thrown out of the window. The assassination in Sarajevo of Archduke Ferdinand and his wife, Duchess of Hohenberg, the beginning of the greatest human tragedy—the World War. Abdication of that other Ferdinand, the ten-language-speaking King of Bulgaria, the "Fox of the Balkans." Elopement of Crown Prince Carol of Rumania with Zizi Lambrino's subsequent divorce, his marriage to Princess Helen of Greece, his renunciation of her and the Rumanian throne, departure with the Titian-haired Ellen Lupescu, his dramatic return to Bucarest by aeroplane and seizure of the throne. The Balkans have given us also the intensely picturesque, colourful, and dramatic Queen Marie of Rumania. The recent romance of the marriage of Archduke Albrecht of Budapest to the beautiful wife of the Hungarian Minister in Sofia, divorced that Albrecht might marry her.

Now Zogu of Albania, handsome, young, dashing, is in the foreground of that romantic stage. Compelled to flee from Albania years ago, he took refuge in Belgrade. With Jugoslavian aid he returned to his country. Then he went over to Italian influence, and with Italy's support made himself king.

With Zog's presence, Albania has forged rapidly ahead in its roadways and public buildings. He has, in fact, modernized—even occidentalized—his country in largemeasure. In his absence, however, another revolution is said to be brewing in Albania.

The ITALIAN OCCUPATION of KUFRA

THE SIGNAL CANVAS: *H.R.H. the Duke delle Puglie signals from his aeroplane, flying astonishingly low, to the marching column of Italian troops that the enemy is in ambush in the palms of an oasis some five miles distant. The Ascaris are seen above carrying the canvas with which signalling is effected*

THE FLAG OF TRUCE: *The natives move under the universal symbol of peace to discuss the terms of surrender*

THE ARTILLERY: *The guns brought up into position in the oasis of El-Hauuari—a moment during the victorious action fought on January 19*

THE TERMS OF SURRENDER: *One of the deputation reads the letter sent to Lieut.-Colonel Moletti beginning: "We agree unconditionally . . ."*

The pictures reproduced on this page illustrate the Italian Military Expedition to the famous oases of Kufra, which lie some 500 miles from the Italian seaboard, which for several years has been in active control by the Italians. The task of occupying the hinterland of Tripoli has been gradually undertaken, and it is only a matter of a few weeks ago that the notorious centre of Senussidom was first occupied by the military forces of a European Power. For many years prior to Rosita Forbes's journey to Kufra this district had been a troublesome neighbour to Upper Egypt. Tentative exploratory journeys had frequently met with disaster, but the Forbes expedition proved that the danger lay on the perimeter and there was no real centre of military strength in Senussidom. The task of the Italian colonial troops in occupying Kufra has been as much a battle with the desert conditions as with the Arab forces of the hinterland. Long stretches of broiling desert with very sparse wells made the task no easy one, but with the aid of the motor-car and the aeroplane there can be no doubt that the district can be effectively occupied.

LIVING IN MILLIONS—V

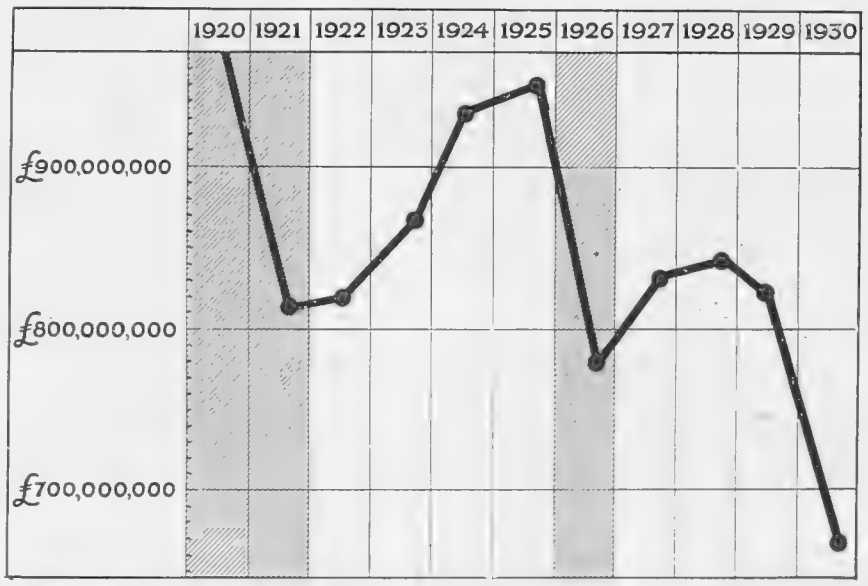
EXPORT *and* IMPORT: The Vitals of British Trade

Some Spectacular Aspects of the Central Problem of Selling to Other People

By LANCELOT LAWTON

Nothing is more symptomatic of the serious crises through which England is passing than the persistent fall of exports. Decline may be said to have set in a decade ago. The year 1921 was a fatal year for British trade. Up till then, despite world chaos consequent upon the War, good recovery had been made. The preceding year, 1920, was a remarkably successful one. Exports were nearly 62 per cent., imports 19 per cent. more than in the year before. It is true that higher prices accounted for part of the increase. Yet when allowance was made for this circumstance, the actual weight of trade proved to be considerably larger than in 1919. More hopeful still was the restoration of a favourable balance due to the expansion of invisible exports.

Then came 1921, the year of calamity. Exports of all kinds dropped sharply. But the most disturbing feature was that manufacturers suffered the most; here the fall from the total of the previous year reached the colossal sum of £558,000,000, of which £531,000,000 represents goods produced in the United Kingdom. The chief declines were as follows: £222,750,000 in cotton yarns and manufactures, £79,750,000 in woollen and worsted yarns and manufactures, and £65,000,000 in iron and steel manufactures. These figures were startling; they disclosed that within the short period of a year three of England's staple industries had met with disaster.



EXPORTS: *Strike periods shown in dark tint*

What was the explanation of the set-back which took place in 1921? The world was still chaotic. But that only partially accounted for the depression; a year before chaos was worse, yet trade was good. Causes other than those arising from universal upheaval existed. They existed within the country itself. A Coalition Government with Mr. Lloyd George as Prime Minister was in power. State expenditure was conducted on a lavish scale. Mr. Chamberlain, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer, remarked that he did not think a Budget of £950,000,000 was extravagant; actually the Budget for 1921–22 was £1,124,880,000. In those days the Government settled down tranquilly to a yearly expenditure of £1,000,000,000. Later, under pressure of public opinion, this expenditure was reduced, but it has never fallen much below £800,000,000, which works out at more than two millions daily. Whenever economy was practised in one direction, it was counteracted by excess in another.

A further cause of the collapse of exports in 1921 was the coal strike. It cannot be too frequently said that with us coal is the basis of everything. The power of Great Britain, financial as well as commercial, was achieved because of the high development of her mining industry. Always this industry is the indicator of the welfare of all industry. If the cost of production of coal is excessive, then the costs of production of all commodities are excessive, and exports inevitably diminish. The mining industry has never recovered from the disturbance to which it was subjected in 1921; the subsequent strike and all subsequent disputes, of which there were many, can be traced back to this unfortunate year. State extravagance, labour unrest, these were two of the chief causes of the fall in exports.

It would perhaps be unfair to place the whole blame for the beginning of labour unrest upon the Coalition Government. But there can be no doubt that this Government originated extravagance, a circumstance to be borne in mind at the present time when advocacy of a Government representative of all parties is sometimes heard.

Once expenditure has been allowed to reach the monstrous proportions of a milliard, drastic curtailment was a task unsuited to the capacity and temperament of statesmen whose whole careers had been built upon spending rather than upon saving public money. Continuous ill-consequence followed. In 1921 the number unemployed was one million, to-day it is over two millions six hundred thousand. Exports persistently fell, a circumstance peculiar to Great Britain. Between 1913 and 1929 our exports on the basis of 1913 values decreased 17 per cent.; during the same period world exports increased over 30 per cent. Latterly, owing to the fall in prices, there has been a shrinkage of world exports. But this fact must not be permitted to obscure the realities of our situation. The decline of British exports dates back as far as 1921. It continued during a long period when the exports of all other nations were rising. It is still continuing and unless serious retrenchment is achieved will continue after the rest of the world has been restored to prosperity.

Between 1921 and 1930 the chief declines were as follows: £12,502,420 in iron and steel manufactures; £27,702,134 in machinery; £91,136,364 in cotton yarns and manufactures; £18,147,528 in woollen and worsted yarns and manufactures.

In 1929, as a consequence of invisible exports, there was a favourable balance of trade of £136,000,000. The amount of this balance in 1930 has not yet been disclosed; but it is highly probable that it will show a reduction.

The decline between 1929 and 1930 is remarkable for its comprehensiveness. Exports are divided into three sections: (1) Food, drink, and tobacco; (2) raw materials and articles mainly manufactured; (3) articles wholly or mainly manufactured. In these sections are contained forty items. With two exceptions all these items dropped between 1929 and 1930. The fall in values was partially accounted for by the fall in prices. At the same time there was evidence to show that a serious decline in volumes had also taken place. Iron and steel was down £16,732,749; machinery £7,422,460; cotton yarns and manufactures £47,875,910; woollen and worsted yarns and manufactures £15,926,813; miscellaneous articles £9,405,627.

In 1930 Germany exported more German goods than Great Britain exported British goods.

The import side of the picture for 1930 also makes unpleasant reading.

Why was the value of our imports as much as half that of our exports of iron and steel?

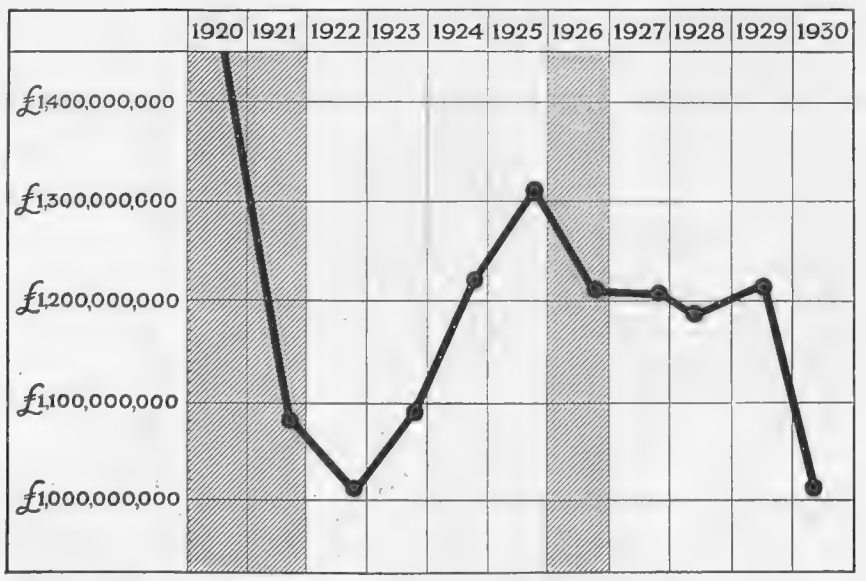
Why was the value of our imports equal to half that of our exports of cutlery and hardware?

Why was the value of our imports of electrical goods, £7,500,000, only £5,000,000 less than that of our exports of the same goods?

Why did we import machinery to the value of £17,000,000, woollen and worsted yarns and manufactures to the value of £14,000,000, chemicals, drugs, and dyes to the value of £13,500,000?

And lastly, why did we import food and drink to the colossal value of £460,000,000?

There is but one answer for all these questions. So long as State expenditure weighs heavily upon British industries they are placed at a serious disadvantage even in the home market when competing with foreign countries, whose burden of taxation is much lighter than ours. Such disadvantage is still more marked as regards the world market. I will not repeat here statistics which have often been given before in proof of similar assertions, and the accuracy of which has never been denied. In addition to extortionate taxation British industry is required to pay wages considerably higher than those ruling abroad. Here we are confronted again with a condition described in an earlier chapter. The population of Great Britain lives, as it were, on two floors. On the upper floor is located the favoured majority. This majority maintains a standard of living higher than the pre-war level at the expense of those who live on the lower floor (or basement), the millions who eke out a demoralized existence in idleness, and who are only able to survive at all because of State charity. A double blow is thus dealt at production. First, a vast amount of labour is compulsorily immobilized. Secondly, in order to provide State charity, industry is the victim of perpetual expropriation. Hence the atmosphere is thick with deception. Because the majority insist upon taking more than they are economically entitled to receive, superficial observers sometimes gained the impression that the country is well-off. This impression was strengthened by the circumstance that certain industries thrived, those industries which catered for amusement, superfluities and extravagance.



IMPORTS: *Strike periods shown in dark tint*

It was quite overlooked that because the majority lived well above the pre-war standard a large minority running into millions was forced to live well below the same standard.

Nor was it realized that the maintenance of such minority diminished the capital resources of the country, injured national credit, prevented industry from competing successfully with foreign rivals, and that ultimately it was bound to undermine the welfare and stability of the whole population, including the majority in employment. In these circumstances, it is of little avail to discuss whether or not British plant or management is efficient. Undertakings modernized in every detail have been unable to compete in the world export market with inferior continental undertakings. In those instances where plant is out of date—and many such exist—no one is willing to invest capital for new equipment when so large a proportion of the proceeds is certain to be confiscated by a rapacious State.

The SILENT and the SENIOR SERVICE

BRITAIN'S LATEST NAVY TRIUMPH: H.M.S. *Codrington*, a flotilla leader built by Swan, Hunter and Wigham Richardson (who built the *Mauretania*). This firm, noted for building "flyers," has excelled itself, for H.M.S. *Codrington* is the only real ship ever to have covered over 250 miles in six hours

A BULL'S-EYE: The splash thrown up by a 15-in. shell fired from a battleship of the Mediterranean Fleet at a range of ten miles. The shell, which is travelling from left to right, can be seen as a spot on the extreme right emerging from the water at reduced speed (ricochetting)

SMOKE-SCREEN: Destroyers of the Atlantic Fleet Flotilla cover the retreat of H.M.S. *Repulse*—a picture taken from the retreating ship during evolutions in the Bay of Biscay, where ships belonging to the Atlantic Fleet gather for exercises in mimic war in preparation for the Spring Manœuvres in the Mediterranean

H.M.S. *BRILLIANT*: A newly finished destroyer armed with four 4·7-in. guns—the latest naval armament—and two sets of triple tubes. Her 34,000 shaft horse-power gives her an average speed of 36 knots. She has been given the name previously borne by a second-class cruiser. Her distinguishing serial number is H.84. She is bound for the Mediterranean Fleet. *Inset* is a remarkable picture of a winter sunset off Plymouth. The two vessels in the middle distance are trawlers which use both sail and steam and invariably work in pairs. They look very lovely in the light of the western sun

The latest proof that Britain still leads the world is the flotilla leader H.M.S. *Codrington*, which came from the yards of Swan, Hunter and Wigham Richardson, who startled all shipbuilders by producing that world's wonder ship, the *Mauretania*, which was so far in advance of her time that it took other nations twenty-one years to produce a faster ship. Now the *Codrington* has put up a performance which places her in a class quite alone, and there is little doubt that she could easily take the sprint speed record for real ships, as opposed to motor boats, if her engines were pushed. As it is, she did on her trials a six hour test at an average speed of 38 knots without driving her engines full out. Sometimes she touched 40 knots, and she is the only ship in the world to cover more than 250 miles in six hours—actually she travelled a distance of 228 knots, or 262 land miles, a record that no other ship has approached. It would be considered no mean performance for a car to keep up an average speed on the road of 43 miles an hour for six consecutive hours, and for a warship to be able to tick off a mile in a minute and a half for hours on end is magnificent. The *Codrington* is the latest triumph of British shipbuilding and the British Navy

SNOWS *of* YESTERYEAR: *The End In Sight*

THE LAST OF THE SNOW: With the advent of spring the dazzling white of the lower slopes gives way to multi-coloured flowers and skis are laid aside

A BRITISH WINNER: Miss Mackinnon finishing first in the International European Ski-running Championship Meeting held at Murren. The Ladies Championship was run over the course from Grutsch to Lauterbrunnen

WHERE SNOW STILL REMAINS: A scene in Maloja, where the blinding fields have not yet given place to the variegated carpet of spring. Above *is Herr Knud Sigmund of Zurich, who set up a new world record for the ski-jump by registering the remarkable figure of 81 metres (264 ft.)*

The poet's question, "Where are the snows of yesteryear," rings in the mind when one is in Switzerland in the latter days of March. Gradually the lower slopes begin to exchange their white for green, while above, snow still maintains its dazzling sovereignty. The fortunate may thus ascend from slope to slope, and enjoy the thrills of the Long Shoe long after those limited in time and money have left the lower resorts, until at last, only the ultimate peaks are crowned with the sparkling insignia of winter, and even the leisured must abandon the ski for the racquet or the bat.

MODERN MACHINERY

Pipes from Brobdingnag: A Hammer from Leipzig

Inset above—AT THE LEIPZIG FAIR: A modern benzine motor hammer for street work which is one of the latest mechanical devices to be displayed. This piece of mechanism does in a given period the work that otherwise would involve the labour of a crew of six muscular men

TO TEST THE SPEED OF LIGHT: A section of the mile-long vacuum tube built for an experiment which, if successful, will be the last performed by Dr. Albert A. Michelson of Chicago. Rays of light are shot through the tube and their pace measured as they are reflected by huge mirrors. Dr. Michelson has announced his intention of retiring if he can accurately ascertain the speed of light

THE CENTRE OF BRITAIN'S OIL INDUSTRY: Saltend Jetty, near Hull, is the great receiving depôt whither oil and spirits from all over the world are shipped into the country. The great oil-tankers pull into Saltend Jetty, which is composed almost wholly of pipes through which the oil is pumped into various storage tanks. Above is seen an impression of the huge junction of pipes through which, by means of turn-cocks, oil is directed, when pumped from the tankers, into the desired storage tank

LEIPZIG *with — and without — its* FAIRS

The City which Three Times a Year is a World Mart, is at Other Times the Intellectual Centre of Post-War Germany

By RICHARD BAINES

LEIPZIG.

It is not during one of those widely-advertised carnival-markets called "Fairs" that one can see Leipzig at its best.

The "Fairs" (of which there are three every year) may well bring millions into the safes of German manufacturers; they may well bring thousands to the rapacious hotel-keepers ready to charge you 15s. for an uncomfortable room which they would be eager to let at a third of the price when the world's buyers have gone; they may well mean the finest example of collective advertising in the world. Yet they fail to disclose to the visitor a new Leipzig, altogether different, less commercial but much more intellectual, less noisy but much more interesting, which makes of this town one of the most flourishing centres of modern Germany.

To judge Leipzig by its "Fairs" would be like trying to judge London and its life by watching a Saturday-night crowd on a Cup Final day.

It is when the lights of the "carnival-fair" have been put out, when the streets have been cleared of that boisterous and vociferous crowd of international buyers which collects here three times a year from every corner of the world, that the real Leipzig can be studied at its best.

Those who have seen from near at hand the tottering of the German Empire; those who have witnessed the great debacle of 1918, and the despair of a population of 60,000,000 people after the disillusionment of a mad dream; those who have cried over the disruption of German culture—those alone can better judge to-day the wonderful recovery of Leipzig amongst all other German towns.

Twelve years ago Leipzig was almost a dead city. To-day she is, commercially speaking, the third town in Germany and, intellectually speaking, the foremost.

It is the rebirth of her printing and book trade that has brought her back to the place she held centuries ago when from her walls German culture irradiated the world.

In contrast with Berlin the "revolutionary," and with Munich the "democratic," Leipzig has become the centre for a new aristocracy, an aristocracy of thought and brain which has nothing to do with the aristocracy of money built up by its famous "Fairs."

The memory of Germany's greatest men is nowhere more jealously guarded than here. Schiller, Goethe, Leibnitz, Wagner, Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, all lived here at some time or another. Their spirit is still alive; their memory is still fresh. Unlike anywhere else in Germany one can still live here next to these colossi of art and literature, almost as if time had not passed, and as if War and Revolution had never been.

You can still see at Gohlis (one of the suburbs) the house where Schiller wrote the "Hymn of Joy" which ironically inspired Beethoven for his Ninth Symphony at a time when his finances were so low that he had to borrow money in order to buy paper and ink. You can still sit at the *Kaffee-Baum*—the tiny coffee-room where Schumann was a daily customer for many years—and almost hear the echo of his famous "Suite." You can still sit at the old *Auerbachskeller* where Goethe came to find inspiration for his *Faust*, and where the smoke-darkened walls still depict frescoes of the leading episodes of his masterpiece. You can still visit the house where Wagner was born, where Wundt, Lamprecht, Bücher, and other famous historians and writers lived and worked.

Nowhere in modern Germany is the cult of her intellectual past greater than here. Nowhere in Germany does one meet so many writers, so many composers, so many painters, so many musicians as here. Nowhere in Germany does one print or read so much as here.

It is this side of modern Leipzig, this effort for a revival of German culture, this desire to keep fresh the literary traditions of the past, which interests the intelligent visitor most.

The book trade—which had almost vanished during the War—has had a tremendous impetus lately, and is the clearest visible sign of Leipzig's new position as an intellectual centre in post-War Germany.

Four years of isolation from the rest of the world, four more years of adverse exchanges, of falling currency, of difficulty of supplies, of transport, of restrictions of all kinds, had brought havoc to the old and famous book trade of Leipzig. There have been years of crises, there have been even talks of closing down amongst some of the centenarian firms whose names are household words amongst booklovers. Then came fresh hope, then came recovery, and to-day Leipzig cannot only proudly boast that she prints more books than London and Paris combined, but she is able to supply the world with all it requires in the way of books, music, rare prints, and even complete libraries, by a cleverly arranged centralized system of distribution which is one of the most interesting institutions of this town.

THE LITERARY CLEARING-HOUSE OF THE WORLD: The Publishers and Booksellers' Exchange, Leipzig, whose remarkable operations are described on this page

To-day Leipzig is to book-lovers what London is to financiers: the great central clearing-station of the world.

If a bookseller from Munich or Vienna or Paris or Zurich, or even America, is asked for a special book which he has not already in stock or which is difficult to provide, he writes to Leipzig. Every important bookseller of the world has a commission agent in Leipzig. Leipzig, in its turn, keeps all the books printed in the world, or at least has a complete up-to-date catalogue of all that is being printed, so that it is merely a question of looking up to find who is the publisher and what the price.

Thus the bookseller need not write to a number of different publishers to inquire about a book he wants. He can use the clearing-house as his only source of supply, saving time, expense, and even carriage, as the books will probably be sent him with many others required at the same time and therefore at a cheaper rate. If the bookseller wants to order a dozen different books published by a dozen different publishers, all he has to do is to fill up his requirements on a post card and send it to Leipzig. Leipzig will do the rest. They will collect the books, pack them, dispatch them, pay for them, and invoice the bookseller at the end of the month. Leipzig, of course, gets a commission from the publishers and therefore makes money, but the publisher is more willing to deal with one central account than with hundreds of accounts, while the bookseller saves time and money by having only one account and one source of supply.

HOUSING NEARLY HALF-A-MILLION VOLUMES: The Bibliotheca Albertina or University Library, Leipzig

Furthermore, the central exchange acts as the most powerful and the cheapest advertising medium, as publishers use it in order to issue their circulars to booksellers without the labour and expense of addressing thousands of separate envelopes. A German book so advertised is sure to reach every customer of the central exchange, which means thousands of booksellers scattered all over the world. It is the most direct and the cheapest form of advertising that publishers can dream of.

This colossal organization is so simple and works so smoothly that, although millions of books are being dealt with every year, one seldom hears of a complaint. Urgent requirements are dealt with in twenty-four hours; others are dealt with in a week. Everybody is happy, everybody makes money.

The importance of this gradual return of Leipzig, and therefore of Germany, as a centre of book printing and book distribution to the world, cannot be over-estimated. The influence of German culture follows in direct sequence the development of its librarian trade. Books, as everyone knows, are the easiest instruments of propaganda. Hence not only Leipzig makes money but German culture advances and re-establishes itself in the world as strong as before the War and stronger still. It is from this point of view that Leipzig, the new centre of post-War German intellectual life, offers the visitor an unusual interest and cannot be ignored.

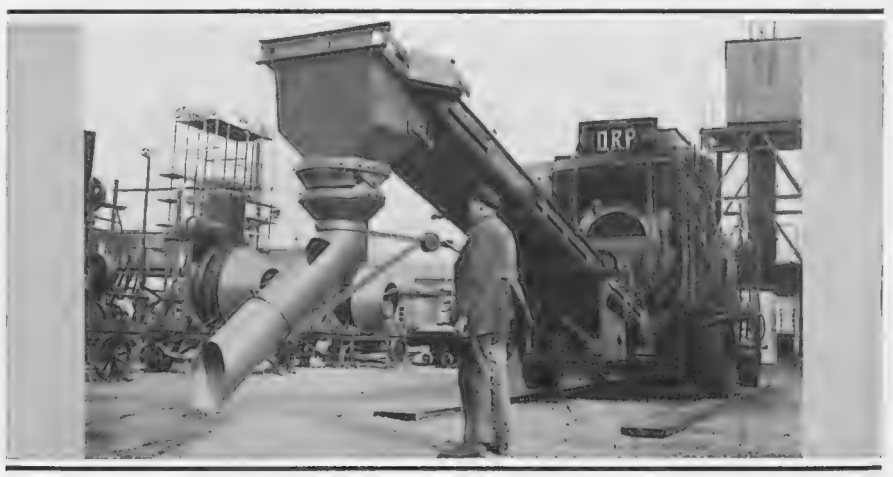
Yet Leipzig is not merely famous for its gigantic book trade or for its vociferous fairs; she is also known as the only town in Europe—they say in the world—to breed lions. If you ever contemplate buying a lion—a real, live, untamed king of the forest—do not go to Central Africa but visit Leipzig. You will find either a cub or a grown-up animal ready for sale at any time of the year.

The great circus kings of the world go to Leipzig once a week to pick up bargains in lions; in fact the "lion farm" of Leipzig has become so famous that even African zoos look to Leipzig for their supply of fresh stock.

It is almost like sending coal to Newcastle; but I have the authority of Dr. Alfred Lehman, who has written quite a lot on the matter, that these shipments of German lions to Africa have actually taken place and still are taking place.

Of course, the Leipzig Zoo, which has just celebrated its fiftieth anniversary, is one of the largest in Europe, and is so well stocked that even those famous zoos of Hamburg, Berlin, and Munich can hardly stand comparison; but for Germany to breed lions and to export them back even to Africa is a masterpiece of commercial enterprise that makes one realize why modern nations are building tariff walls round their frontiers.

In the meantime the lion industry is prosperous in Leipzig, and the zoo is making money which goes to swell the already flourishing figures of the town which owns it.



AT THE LEIPZIG SPRING FAIR: A dock-side engine, one of the many mechanical exhibits on view at the famous world mart

MOTORING *in the* JOCUND DAYS *of* SPRING

Pictures Redolent of the Beauty of the English Countryside in the Verdant Vernal Season

THE TRACERY OF THE TREES: A section of North End Road, Hampstead, now budding into tiny leaf

THE FIRST GIRL ROAD SCOUT, on duty on the Kingston by-pass, lends assistance

THE MOTOR PICNIC: Even in early spring, alfresco meals (when the sun is at its zenith) are delightful, and for city dwellers there is a great joy in being able to jump into the car and seek some woodland glade, some leafy lane, some sandy shore whereat to rest awhile. Nor need one go far afield; the top left-hand picture on this page shows a tree-lined main road in Hampstead, while the bottom picture shows a glimpse of Camber Sands, near Rye. Inset on the right *is a picture showing the new arterial highway driven through Eastern Scotland—a road to make the owner of a baby believe he is travelling in a 12-cylinder luxury car, and the owner of a luxury car to believe he is possessed of a magic carpet*

DUNLOP

By Appointment
Motor Car Tyre
Manufacturers to
H.M. the King.

DUNLOP REINFORCED

MADE IN ENGLAND

IN A CLASS BY ITSELF

THE GREAT NEW ZEALAND EARTHQUAKE

A Special Four-page Record of the Destruction Wrought at Napier on February 3 and Subsequent Days

OVERHEAD VIEW OF THE CHIEF DEVASTATED AREA IN THE CITY OF NAPIER

THE PUBLIC TRUST BUILDING STANDS AMID THE RUINS OF NAPIER, NEW ZEALAND: These two pictures were taken from an aeroplane flying over the city of Napier after the first quakes and fires had subsided. The buildings at the back of the pictures are not as outwardly destroyed as the others, but they are cracked and dangerous to enter. The area which received the worst shaking appears to have coincided with the busiest part of the city. As is usual in such cases, buildings survived or fell according to the angle at which they were built and met the seismic movement. The first powerful shocks were followed a few days later by others, indicating a further readjustment of underlying strata

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE in NEW ZEALA

These Pictures, taken from Elevated Positions and from the Air, Show the Devastation Wrought by Earthquake and Fire in Napier, New Zealand, on Feb. 3

STANDING UNINJURED IN A SEA OF RUIN: It will be noticed in several of the views given here that one building stands out as uninjured amid the general ruin by quake and fire. This building is the Public Trust Office, built in Roman form, with pillared frontages on each of its four sides. All round it and actually touching its sides are destroyed buildings. In the background a church steeple survives

THE DEVASTAT OF NAPIER ISLAND, N LAND, SEE THE AIR: was taken fro plane appro stricken city. can be seen bre shore in the left corner of the p whole of the view has bee almost as co St. Pierre on

THE BLUFF SEEN FROM A BUSY THOROUGHFARE OF NAPIER: Many inhabitants of Napier rushed from the streets to the wooded bluff which lies at the back of the city; there many merchants had their homes. But it was not a place of safety, as the sides of the hill had cracked and landslides were so numerous that people fled back to the racecourse, a flat area which proved to be the safest place during the days of earth tremors. The seashore also gave indications of upheaval—the water receding and revealing the bottom of the bay

LAND: ACTUAL PICTURES of RUINED NAPIER

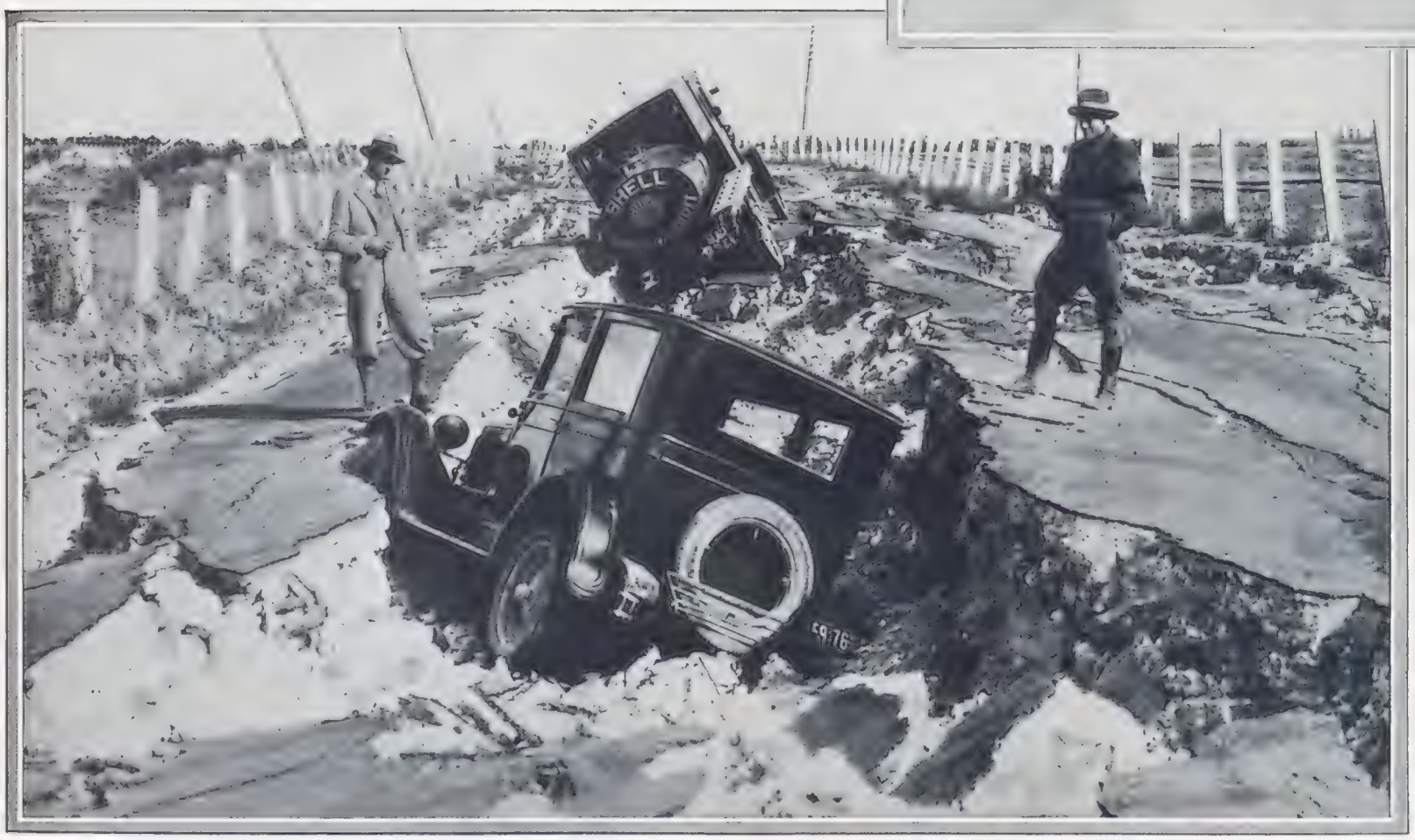
EVASTATED AREA NAPIER, NORTH AND, NEW ZEA-ND, SEEN FROM E AIR: This picture taken from an aero-ne approaching the ken city. The waves be seen breaking on the e in the left-hand bottom er of the picture. The le of the area in the has been destroyed ost as completely as Pierre on Martinique

IN A BUSY TRAMWAY THOROUGHFARE OF NAPIER: Practically the whole of this street fell with a crash on the fatal morning of February 3. It was about 10.30 on Tuesday morning, New Zealand time, that the great shocks began. The busy commercial life of the place was getting into full swing when suddenly everything was arrested by the sickening swing of the earth itself. Clerks and typists rushed from their desks, nurses caught up their patients, customers attempted to rush from shops. In many cases the effort was too late. Bulging walls fell too quickly in all directions

THE GREAT NEW ZEALAND EARTHQUAKE

FIRE IN MANY CASES FOLLOWED THE QUAKES: This picture was taken at Hastings and shows a roof collapsing as the fire spread from one building to another in the town. The same occurred at Napier, adding to the destruction wrought by the earthquakes

SURVIVORS PASSING DOWN A RUINED STREET AT NAPIER: A father is seen with a perambulator and several children, while in the middle distance is a group of Navy men who have been assisting in the work of rescue. Wrecked bank buildings and offices extended all down this street



A TERRIFYING SIGHT FOR MOTORISTS OUTSIDE NAPIER: The widespread nature of the earthquake is evidenced by this picture and the one at the right hand upper corner of the page. The surface of the roadway in both cases has completely burst as if by an explosion and cars have been caught at the very moment of the shock. A Shell motor spirit wagon is leaning over at a terrifying angle, while in the foreground a brand new car has sunk into a deep hollow

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The CORRIDOR of SECRETS

The Building of the Budget by the Chancellor of the Exchequer

By CHARLES T. KING

(Fast Chairman of the Farliamentary Lobbyists)

Up and down a zig-zag private passage behind the grim walls of Downing Street the Chancellor of the Exchequer is looking for about 850 million pounds.

February and March are busy times in this Corridor of Secrets. This is the passage between the residences of the Chancellor and the Prime Minister, 11 and 10, Downing Street, on the one hand, and the Treasury, Whitehall, on the other. The corridor is busy now because the Chancellor is building the 850 million-pound Budget. This he will take into the House of Commons in a red box in April to reveal to Parliament, to the nation, and to the world. And the world is watching with interest and the country with concern. I shall not be surprised if it goes down to history as "The Bitter Budget."

What is the Budget? It is the annual report and balance sheet of the British nation and the taxing instrument. The Budget, with its technical implement, the Finance Bill, is the most important measure of the year, of any year, and particularly this year.

It could be said that it is about the only thing that Parliament need trouble to pass.

Budget-building is always a task of extreme secrecy. This year one huge fact, however, is already well known, namely, that there will be a heavy deficit. A deficit is the financial parallel of the situation of a man who has planned to bridge a 12-ft. chasm with a 10-ft. plank. The amount the Budget of the present financial year (April 1, 1930—March 31, 1931) will have brought in to meet the expenditure of that period will be found to have a gaping deficit which, in other words, is the part of the chasm plank that is not there.

Although these present weeks form the busiest period in the building of this colossal structure with its staggering hundreds of millions of pounds, the Chancellor began the job in October. It is then that he sends out a letter to every spending department of State asking how much money they will want. When the demands come in the Chancellor sets to work with his coke hammer to knock them down. He and other members of the Cabinet are also engaged in knocking down the continual demands of back-bench M.P.'s for more and more expenditure of money.

As the late weeks of winter go on, the Chancellor is more and more busy preparing his mighty box of secrets. Committees, hundreds of interviews, Cabinet meetings, earnest chats behind the Speaker's Chair, talks in Whitehall departments, talks in the City, talks, dialogues, questions in countless places. So enormously has the size of the Budget grown recently that this April he will ask Parliament (the taxpayer) to pay as much in one year as before the War was paid in four years! I saw hands held up in horror in the House of Commons just before the War at the spectacle of the Budget reaching a demand for 200 millions. What were things coming to? Asking for the huge sum of 200 millions! This April in the Budget now a-building it will be nearer 900 millions.

What is this for? To cut a long answer short, the War, the Government departments, the enormous increase of social services. Before we talk about a single penny for Navy, Army, Air Force, unemployment, pensions, the judiciary, the Diplomatic apparatus, the Consular Service, the Department of Overseas Trade, the Dominions Office, the Foreign Office, the Ministries of Health and Agriculture, and the other needs which the Budget has to meet, we have to find three or four hundred millions for debt and interest on debt! During much of the War we spent six million pounds *per day*, and carried lots of the Allies on our back.

So up and down The Zig-Zag Corridor of Secrets Philip Snowden, the Chancellor—a pale, sharp-featured man with crippled body and powerful mind, with halting steps but swift brain and terrific will—is pacing between his residence, 11, Downing Street, and rooms in the gloomy Whitehall building known as the Treasury.

Part of the task now proceeding of building up the Budget is a financial and human survey of this country and others. In this the Chancellor has the assistance of many persons, above all, our trained, life-long Treasury officials. How many millions would be brought in by another sixpence a bottle on whisky? How many million pounds per penny on the Income Tax? At what point in a mounting table would an increased tax on a given article of consumption result in smaller yield of revenue? What is the cost of collection? What are the chances of evasion? What are the risks of forestalments out of bond? What is the state of trade in a given foreign country? What are the record high tariffs of America doing?

These and countless other questions which the Chancellor asks as he goes along can be answered by that quiet, efficient Civil Service in Whitehall, composed of calm men, unadvertised, unlimelighted, unseen, but gifted with profound knowledge and alert brains. The uninstructed millions of voters who, in their blind ignorance may turn out or put in political parties, have, fortunately, no power to turn out the permanent officials. Let us thank Heaven for that.

Other assistants to the Chancellor in his Budget-building can be rung up or called in from outside. The great bankers, the big shippers, the experts in their own business, board-room men and work-yard men, men versed in matters concerning near and distant parts of the world.

As the task ripens, the Chancellor has consultation with two bodies, a Budget Committee and the Cabinet itself.

Part of the Budget-building goes on in the Cabinet room. In this quiet, pillared, book-lined chamber I stood recently gazing out at the pleasant views across the Prime Minister's garden and the foliage of St. James's Park, and pondering over the great ghosts of that room. Here there come, mayhap, moments of conflict between practice and policy during the building of the Budget.

For instance, a political party might desire to make us all total abstainers and attempt to do it by the instrument of the Budget. The Cabinet might wish, let us say, to quadruple the taxes on beer, wines and spirits so as to make it impossible for most people to buy them. The greatest example of the pushing of policy by Budget, an illegitimate action of course, was the "People's Budget" of Lloyd George. It was a handy if artificial way of blistering landlords. And it did not pay.

There is a great, human, fascinating task in Budget-building. The Chancellor is making a broad survey of the state of trade, of the yield of existing taxation, the spending power of the people, the savings of the workers, the vast increase in entertainment, the enormous chasm between our huge imports and our small exports, the heavy monetary demands of the industrial, social and foreign policies which the Cabinet, in the quiet pillared room, may have in view; the changes in popular habits; the effects of weather on the production of wheat, barley and oats in our own islands and overseas; the influence of tariffs on the flow of world trade; the diminishing but still formidable needs for War Pensions; the problems of the gold storage and the delicate equipoise between increased taxation and possible resultant decreased consumption.

The Governor of the Bank of England, the Board of Inland Revenue, the Board of Customs and Excise, the Board of Trade, the manufacturers, shippers, bankers, distributors, our ambassadors and consuls, and the row of secretaries and Treasury officials can all be laid under contribution for this task.

At last there will come the day when the activity—or some of it—will be transferred from the rooms at the ends of The Zig-Zag Corridor of Secrets to the open sounding-board of the House of Commons. The whole world will be there.

On the fateful April afternoon of Budget Day, the sword-girt Sergeant-at-Arms will remove the glittering mace of Charles the Second, the robes of Mr. Speaker and the glint of his silver-buckled shoon will vanish in the shadows behind the Chair, a Chairman of Committees will take a small seat at the table, the House will be, not a "House" but a "Committee," and Mr. Snowden will open his red box and unfold the Budget to the Committee and the world.

The world will be represented by the throng in every conceivable inch of the place. Ambassadors of foreign powers, bankers, historians, shippers, manufacturers, licensed victuallers, brewers, distillers, farmers, overseas visitors, Empire representatives will pack the various Visitors' Galleries, while, down below, as many M.P.s as can crush into the green-upholstered seats or can stand clumped and sardined in the mass at the Bar of the House will have crowded in.

Mr. Snowden will open his red despatch case with a key drawn from his pocket. He will lean his elbows on the filigreed box on the Table in the place at which Disraeli spoke and Gladstone thumped, and will speak for probably a couple of hours. Usually when a Chancellor has been on his feet for an hour or an hour and a half and M.P.s are becoming brain-weary with the colossal survey of the world and the explanations of what cannot be done, he pauses, says "I now come to my new proposals," and the tired, close-packed throng cranes forward.

After the Budget speech, when the Chancellor has fallen back with a sigh on the crowded Treasury bench, most of the great host melts away, many M.P.s trooping out to think or to drink or both.

The Budget at the moment of its revealing is always too much for them, and this April it will be much too much for them. Many will go out into the various rooms of the vast Palace of Westminster to increase the revenue at once by the consumption of highly-taxed beverages.

On a subsequent day the party battle will be joined. Nearly everybody will grumble, for, as I once heard Mr. Chancellor Lloyd George say, "A tax is always a good tax if it falls on somebody else."

I have seen a dozen Chancellors at work.

The two most brilliant Parliamentarians of the last thirty years have both been Chancellors of the Exchequer—Asquith and Churchill. Asquith was the most pellucid explainer and the best master of good wrought-iron, unfrilled, pellucid English known in Parliament in recent times. Winston Churchill is to-day, in my opinion, the most brilliant, literary, acid master of sustained invective and biting criticism and entertaining charm of superb English in Parliament at this moment.

Mr. Churchill has seen a quarter of a century or more of public service, largely in Government office. The literary quality of his utterance is unmatched in either House.

Another Chancellor whom I have seen at work is the most entertaining showman in Parliament. He is Parliament's biggest laughter-maker. He made the longest Budget speech of this century. Even to-day, at sixty-eight, no name on the electric announcers in various parts of the big Palace of Westminster can bring M.P.s trooping into the Debating Chamber with more speed and expectation than that of David Lloyd George.

Another Chancellor I well remember is now a great banker, Reginald McKenna. I remember him for his big cigars and his stiff poker-like neck and back. In presenting his Budget, Reginald McKenna had a straightforward, business-like clearness and he stood at the Table with that rigid, erect stiffness which was so much smiled over when, at question time daily, as Minister, he used to flatten out hostile interrogators with his sharp staccato "No, sir."

I just remember "Black Michael" (Sir Michael Hicks Beach), a clear-minded Chancellor, with his small, well-cut features, his black curly hair and beard, and a clarity of exposition which approached even that of the great Asquith himself. "Black Michael" became "White Michael" by the time he went up to the Gilded Chamber as Lord St. Aldwyn.

Austen Chamberlain, a most able and gifted Chancellor, used to wear years ago an orchid and a monocle, like his father "Joe." But he has been and is much more than the mere son of his father.

Asquith was Chancellor of the Exchequer before becoming Prime Minister. This great son of Balliol was the most superb Parliamentarian of the last thirty years. As a Socialist said to me, looking at him in the House one day when Asquith was Premier, "when Asquith is in the House there seems to be no one else there." That expressed it.

Lloyd George, one of the most hated, most personally charming men Parliament has ever seen, became Chancellor on Mr. Asquith taking the Premiership. In his long Budget speech I saw him nearly peter out with exhaustion. Arthur James Balfour got him half-an-hour's rest, and after that he came back, brushed and bright, to continue his long Budget speech.

Andrew Bonar Law became Chancellor in 1916. He used to prepare his speeches up at the Treasury by staring at a blank wall. When he spoke in the House he had no notes as a rule, only the bare, polished surface of the filigreed box in front of him. Bonar Law was the greatest marvel of memory I have ever seen. He had a small head. He used to make me think of the phrase of the poet:

"And still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."

"Bob Horne," as Sir Robert Horne is popularly called, became Chancellor in 1921. He handled the Budget in a workmanlike manner, as became a barrister with a business head.

Stanley Baldwin was the next Chancellor. He had already received a sound Budget training under Bonar Law. His Budget speeches were those of a calm, sane Englishman with a business training.

Neville Chamberlain, son of "Joe," with a head and a voice so like those of his father as to be eerie, was Chancellor for a time in 1923. And then, in 1924, came the chained vitriol of the first Socialist Chancellor, Philip Snowden, who, for years before that, had poured his acid upon Conservatives for not taxing wealth at about 100 per cent.

Winston Churchill followed him. Few of those who have not attended the House daily can realize Churchill's mastery of Parliamentary work, ornamented from time to time by a delicious leap into gem-like literary English.

No one can say at the moment what are the secrets of the Man in the Zig-zag Corridor. But of one thing that the Budget will show I am certain. Vast and sombre as will be the review of the world, severe as will be the demands upon the taxpayer, I am sure that there will emerge from the Budget a realization of the massive strength and the undimmed spirit of the British people. It will be a black Budget, its sombre warp and woof relieved by golden threads.

Mr. WALPOLE DOES IT AGAIN

The Triumph of Facility Allied to First-class Work and Other Literary Matters of the Week

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

Mr. Hugh Walpole's new novel, *Above the Dark Circus* (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.), arouses the old wonder in my mind. How is it done? Mr. Arnold Bennett, after a life's work that would satisfy any normal man, suddenly produces, about seventieth in his list, *Imperial Palace*, a tremendous *tour de force*, considered either for its quantity or its quality. And now comes along Mr. Walpole with this shocker, as he would like us to believe, which he negligently throws out in between two segments of the circle that is to complete the chronicles of the Herries family.

A curious book, this. In the first place I am not at all inclined to accept Mr. Walpole at his own careless face value. In dedicating the book to a mutual friend, Walter Briscoe, he asks him not to take this tale too seriously and suggests that he wrote it as a kind of holiday from more serious work. This is the sort of thing to drive an author like myself and many others of my unfortunate brethren, crazy. I never conclude a book without the firm and pious conviction that it is my last. I never begin one without the shuddering fear that I shall never get through with it. And in between these two states of terror are long months of sterility. I know an author similarly afflicted. We encounter one another from time to time. "Any work, yet?" I ask. "No," he answers, gloomily. "And you?" "None," I respond. We are the true unemployed, who would work and cannot find it.

Not so Mr. Walpole. Taking a breath between an epic and an epic, he gyrates round Piccadilly Circus, looks into a room up some stairs, and comes down again with a full-length novel by way of getting his pen ready for serious work. This, of course, is the way to produce rubbish. The regrettable thing is that this book is not rubbish—far from it. That is the first annoying fact about Mr. Walpole. His speed is that of the pot-boiler, his fertility approaches that of those awful writers who, alas! will never dry up. His style and matter should be thoroughly bad; it isn't, it improves, and with its creator hourly grows more urbane and robust.

The second annoying habit about Mr. Walpole is that he deliberately goes the wrong way to work, points out the fact, and then triumphs over it. *Above the Dark Circus* is a good example of this. Any author who has learned the first thing about writing knows that he places himself under a fatal handicap by telling a story in the first person. He limits himself to the domain of an eye-witness, with all the singularity of time and place that it involves. Invariably this plan breaks down, and the writer introduces something that could not have been within the view of the narrator.

Now watch this preposterous Mr. Walpole. He is going to tell the story in the first person. He is going to break down in doing so. He foresees this, and blandly tells his reader so. "I am aware, I fancy, of most of the dangers of narrative in the first person," he says, and adds, "the chief peril that lurks behind narrative in the first person is that of credulity," and, to damn himself still further, he mentions the difficulty of "the scenes that one did not oneself witness." After which he calmly informs the reader that he will, at a certain time and place, introduce one such scene.

Let us examine all that this involves. It means that Mr. Walpole has carefully thought out every scene and conversation of that book. He has run his hand over the wall of the narrative and has said, at a given spot, here is a hole through which other eyes look in upon my story. Any practised writer knows what that means; it means he has denied to himself the rich opportunity of spontaneous imagination suddenly suggesting or giving a twist to the development of his story.

Having shackled himself in such an unbusinesslike manner, what kind of a mess has he got himself into? This grim fantasy has an inexorable progress. It transgresses all the frontiers of credulity and remains credible. Further, within the compass of Piccadilly Circus, and proscribed by less than the single round of the clock, a complete drama is worked out with such intensity of vision that for me, henceforth, this story is as imperishably linked with my memories of the Circus as the vanished Eros. Blemishes there are, but they are the blemishes of Mr. Walpole with an eye on the younger generation, and not of Mr. Walpole with an eye on his work.

The book is prefaced by a quotation from a modern "poet." To me the quotation is gibberish. Yet if Mr. Walpole puts it at the head of his book it surely means something. I approached three of my most intellectual friends with the conundrum. They are unanimous it is gibberish. And even if it isn't, why pander to this excessive modernism? I also trace the fear of being thought old-fashioned in other concessions of the worldly Mr. Walpole. Since when has he taken to using the single inverted comma for quotations? It is a little matter, but it is a concession to literary Bolshevism that a person of Mr. Walpole's standing should not make. He is now only one stage removed from those literary yahoos who dispense with inverted commas altogether and leave their readers, until audience though few, to puzzle out the printed palimpsest. When I see things like this happening to Mr. Walpole I have to suppress a fear that he will genuflect at the altar of *Ulysses* and throw a glad eye at *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. And it will avail him nothing. In the eyes of the remorseless younger generation he is already out of date. You are out of date with them the moment you have committed the offence of being successful. Mr. Walpole is now well on his way, weighted down with twenty triumphs, to the past numbers, to the obscurity of Wells, Galsworthy, Conrad, and Barrie.

Whether or not the unborn generations tread us down, the newly-born assuredly wipe their feet on us. A little time ago an intense young man, with lank hair and lank trousers, came to interview me. Labouring under the illusion that I was still a young man winning my spurs, he made me see that the tide of battle had flowed on years ago, and I was ignorantly defending a fort forgotten in the hinterland. "Among the writers of the last generation," he began, vividly, in his obscure journal. If that can happen to me in the 'thirties, what of Mr. Walpole in the 'forties? Oh that he with his power, his triumphs in the orthodox tradition of Trollope, Thackeray, Dickens, and the school of no nonsense, would boldly stand up and bang on the head these scribblers of pretentious drivel!

Above the Dark Circus is as modern, as inventive, as anything the "newest" school has attempted, and it has the distinction also of being excellent prose as well as gripping narrative. For Mr. Walpole preserves, somehow, the first fine careless rapture in his style. The author of twenty novels cannot be expected to keep fresh in phrase and simile, yet on three consecutive pages I can find felicitous turns that would endow a new writer with a reputation. "Lady Borlass, a stout little woman who walked like a chicken looking for seed," "she had a high-pitched, immensely superior voice, cold like a lump of ice falling into a drink," "the look of staggered surprise in the Borlass countenances, as though a damp rag had been pressed there and wiped all the modelling away." Sentences like these are born of an untired imagination.

The story is a singular one. Richard Gunn, on the verge of starvation, stands in Piccadilly Circus at five o'clock one winter's day torn between the dilemmas of spending his last half-crown on a meal or a hair-cut. He decides upon the hair-cut, and into the saloon walks Pengelly, one of the most repulsive characters in modern fiction. He was instrumental in sending three men to gaol—one of these, Osmund, a fascinating giant of a man marred by an insane temper. High above the dark Circus, within the space of four hours, Osmund commits two murders and renders a service to civilization. The rascally Pengelly had come back with a proposal of blackmail, and the innate fineness of Osmund is in revolt. Behind these protagonists move the other figures in the nightmare: Gunn, the witness of gathering tragedy; Helen, married to a man she respects but has ceased to love; Hench, driven to insanity by imprisonment and his wife's death; Buller, whose adventure with a corpse across Piccadilly Circus touches the genius of Poe. And over them all is the noise, the waxing and waning roar of the human maelstrom below, the steadily falling blanket of snow, the riot of lights and night signs, so that the room becomes a microcosm set within a cosmos, and the personal drama is played out to the ground-song of indifferent humanity swirling below.

Such, briefly, is the subject matter of *Above the Dark Circus*. It has a magnificence of conception which, touching horror, touches also nobility. Here is the austerity of Greek drama, the consciousness that at his best and most intelligent, man is a creature at the disposal of the high Fates, and in keeping with the Greek tradition Mr. Walpole marches inexorably to a finale as inevitable as it is impressive. In the genesis of its central theme the book belongs to the true tradition of drama; in the presentation of its theme it owes nothing to any school; standing in the very heart of London Mr. Walpole has told a new story to an old world.

After a few pages of *Yofuku* (Wishart. 7s. 6d.) one knows that not only is there something wrong with Japan, but also with Mr. Sherard Vines, the author of this book. He has one of those coruscating styles in which it is impossible to tell the truth. He lives in Japan and has learned to hate it with even more vigour than he hates the Celtic poets and their dubious twilight. His whole book reads like a tract against the Japanese Touring Society. Here is every smell, every mental and moral abnormality that it is possible to imagine. That Mr. Vines has written a readable book, no one could deny. But one becomes more interested in Mr. Vines's aberrations than in those of the Japanese. He indicts their culture, manners, morality, climate, diet, hygiene and literary taste—"the glutinous periods of Walter Pater are savoured by the elect of a slightly elder generation. Oscar Wilde has enjoyed semi-divine honours for some time, though at present the allegiance tends to shift to the Irishmen, particularly Yeats and Synge; while a few copies of *Ulysses* are reverently preserved by advanced bibliophiles."

When I think of the number of pretentious English poets who have been shipped out to Japan as professors of English literature, I marvel that the taste of the Japanese is as good as it is. And when I contemplate the ill-nourished, ignorant, dirty, prejudiced figures presented to us by Mr. Vines in his lively book, I wonder however the Japanese contrived to thrash the Russians and to create a navy that ranks with the foremost Powers. This is brilliant ironic writing, but the author does not commend himself as a dispassionate observer.

The influence of the films is effecting the Americanization of Japan, especially in regard to the history of recent world events. "The war of 1914 appears with America as the heroic victor, teaching the decadent Frenchmen or Englishmen the meaning of self-sacrifice and bravery." It will be some time before the Japanese have their eyes opened to this version of history as written by Hollywood historians just removed from the ghettos of Europe; even in England we imbibe the gospel according to Goldwyn.

Here are three good novels. *Seen Unknown*. by Naomi Jacob (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.). *Tumult in the North*, by George Preedy (Lane, 7s. 6d.). *Into the Land of Nod*, by H. A. Vachell (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.). Miss Jacob commanded attention by her excellent novel, *That Wild Lie*, a fine study of a Disraeli-like Jew. In this successor there is the same rich embroidery of place and setting and flexibility of dialogue. If anything, this story of Leon Hast, rich, handsome, gifted, in search of he knew not what, has too much talk. The characters weary one with their incessant chatter, which is a pity, because Miss Jacob is capable of good descriptive passages. Even so it is a novel much above the average. *Tumult in the North* is a very un-Preedyish work. It has little of the fire, flame, and spirit of the Preedy predecessors. Its theme is the rising of '15 in the North, but somewhat sentimentalized and subjugated to love interests. It is very characteristic of the Marjorie Bowen basis of Mr. Preedy, which means that it is competent and good reading. In his novel, *Into the Land of Nod*, Mr. Vachell has concerned himself with the question of hereditary insanity, to which he has given a double twist. The theme has not really the importance that he would have us to believe; and the mechanism of the story, set for the most part in Brittany, creaks somewhat, especially the discovery of the illegitimate idiot son. But Mr. Vachell is incapable of telling a bad story, and he has always a quick eye for scenery and character.

Selected Books:

Conflict, *by Rosita Forbes* **(Cassell. 15s. net).**—An 8,000-mile trek across Turkey in Asia, and Persia, to the borders of Afghanistan. Well told, well illustrated. An intrepid woman's inquisitive itinerary.

Bird Life in England, *by John Kearton* **(Philip Allan. 12s. 6d. net).**—A *Who's Who* in bird land with the call numbers and tree-addresses entertainingly registered.

Susan Spray, *by Sheila Kaye-Smith* **(Cassell. 7s. 6d. net).**—A novel of a precocious woman and her reactions to religion and sex. It has the flawless verisimilitude to life that characterizes Miss Kaye-Smith's work.

The Conqueror, *by Georgette Heyer* **(Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net).**—A full-dress historical novel of William the Conqueror from birth to education. It is excellent narrative, and Miss Heyer is a pioneer in a period strangely neglected and richly rewarding her graphic pen.

An Hour of Aviation, *by Captain Norman Macmillan* **(Duckworth. 3s. 6d. net).**—A land-clinger's guide to suicide. It is flight at a glance, well told in brief form, in all its aspects.

Adjustments, *by I. R. G. Hart* **(Benn. 7s. 6d. net).**—A novel of psychology investigating the relativity of truth. An able study of the significance in an apparently insignificant group of people whose adjustments are delicately portrayed.

"ALL the GLOSS of ART"

Notable Exhibits in London this Week

ASTBURY POTTERY: A mounted soldier (on extreme left), one warrior with a sword, and another with a gun—three notable pieces of English ceramic art of the early XVIII century on view at the Four Georges Exhibition at Sir Philip Sassoon's house

THE CITY OF THE MEDICIS: A picturesque view of Florence with the Duomo and the Campanile visible in the distance on the left. A man on horseback and other figures are being ferried across the Arno in the foreground—a masterpiece by Canaletto, the XVIII century Venetian, nephew of Canalé, sold at Sotheby's last Wednesday

THE ART OF H. A. KERNOFF: Four portraits by the Russian who has selected Ireland as his field. Mr. Harry Aaron Kernoff has just opened an interesting one-man show at the Grieves Galleries, Old Bond Street, at which landscapes, portraits, and rural paintings are on view. The portraits are the great strength of the exhibition which was opened by that distinguished Irish man of letters, Conal O'Riordan. From left to right, *the pictures reproduced above are portraits of Johnny Macassy, Brinsley Macnamara, Mrs. Moira Hinkson, and Mr. Jack Warren.* Inset above on right: *THE PAINTER OF THE MAGIC BLUE: A portrait of what is said to be the artist's daughter by Gainsborough in a white silk dress with bows of the famous and traditional blue that is the peculiar glory of this artist. It is a half-length portrait in feigned oval and was sold at Sotheby's last Wednesday*

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

BY PHILIP PAGE

It is highly characteristic of anyone who is *dans le mouvement* to declare emphatically (and very often wittily) that they wish they were out of it. One of Mr. Noel Coward's biggest successes as a song-writer was a ditty about a "poor little rich girl," who was depicted as a little lady who danced and danced and danced at restaurants and night-clubs, with tired feet and a head that ached, surrounded by nightmare figures, writhing in an agony of fatigue and boredom at what is known as the apolaustic life. Yet it did not strike Mr. Coward or the little lady that there is no compulsion about this sort of thing. If a rich young girl does not wish to lead a rich late life she need not. She can go to bed with a cup of hot milk at 10 o'clock, and, so far from her friends thinking any the less of her, they will crowd round and say, "Darling, I think you are too *divinely* sensible for words, darling. It is simply *marvellous* of you." The real tragedy is that of the girl who wants to dance in those surroundings yet cannot dance there because she is not a little lady, and is a poor little poor girl and has not a suitable frock.

Mr. Somerset Maugham is a rich big dramatist and a great patron of parties. I think he likes parties. Yet he lashes out at them like some twentieth-century Juvenal, and I cannot think he attends them merely in order to get material for his Juvenalising. *The Circle*, revived at the Vaudeville, is full of the dance-little-lady theme. One young man declares—

> "People seem to be so insincere. When you go to parties they are all babbling about art, and you feel that, in their hearts, they don't care twopence about it. They read the books that everyone is talking about, because they don't want to be out of it."

Elizabeth, the girl he loves, harps on the same theme—

> "Oh, I get so bored with these parties in London. All these middle-aged, painted women, in beautiful clothes, lolloping round ball-rooms with rather old-young men. And the endless luncheons where they gossip about so-and-so's love affairs."

Oscar Wilde was writing in much the same way forty years ago. I do not cavil at Wilde for being inconsistent any more than I cavil at Maugham for writing epigrams of the same tang and exquisite balance round the same type of melodramatic theme. "I, your mother, made a fool of myself many years ago. Don't you go and do the same thing." *Lady Windermere's Fan* and *The Circle* are both fine plays. What is astonishing is that plays about terrifically smart, rich, bored, and epigrammatic people should be the fixed high comedy fare for generation after generation.

Of course they have to be written well and acted well. Fortunately they usually are. If they are not they disappear as swiftly and as ignominiously as a "thriller" or a musical-comedy does in this year of theatrical disgrace, 1931. Of the original cast Mr. Allan Aynesworth remains—bland, polished, imperturbable, distinct, and distinguished. Droves of young actors should be taken in charabancs to see Mr. Aynesworth, if only in order to learn how to stand still. Miss Athene Seyler plays the late Lottie Venne's part. She is not the battered, pathetic, amusing old harridan that Miss Venne made of that character. But she is astonishingly good—far better, indeed, than I have ever seen her, for she is less restlessly intelligent. Perhaps it was because Miss Seyler has been so persistently proclaimed as an actress who thinks, that she had the habit of letting us almost hear her brain working, with over-emphasis as the result. Sir Nigel Playfair has a part that suits him (which is not always the case) and plays it superbly.

"Hamlet."

It was not, of course, Mr. Godfrey Tearle's fault that his appearance at short notice as Hamlet in place of the temporarily-voiceless Mr. Henry Ainley should have been attended with a deal of irrelevant and inaccurate nonsense about his having studied the part in a few hours, sat up all night with a wet towel round his head, and worked himself into a state of boyish apprehension about undertaking that mighty part for the first time. He was not playing it for the first time. I saw Mr. Tearle as Hamlet six years ago, and he was, in point of fact playing Hamlet on tour as long as twenty-six years ago.

Nor can I agree with the objections as to his being too tall for Hamlet. There is no height limit for Hamlet. There is not even an age limit, though there should be. Irving was tall, Tree was tall, Forbes-Robertson is tall, and there is not much to choose between Mr. Ainley and Mr. Tearle in the matter of inches. That he has an active and athletic figure is, strangely enough, quoted as a liability rather than an asset. The line, "He's fat and scant of breath" (omitted at the performance I attended), may be put in as evidence to the contrary; but this is cancelled out by Hamlet's declaration that he is in good form with the rapiers and has had plenty of practice. Shakespeare was too vast a genius to worry about petty discrepancies of this sort.

Hamlet was not a man of action, but that is quite a different point. Many a physically active man can be hopelessly dilatory and shilly-shallying when it comes to a question of making up his mind. No doubt Mr. Tearle's Hamlet looked as if he could have "bumped off" the King, Laertes, Polonius, the Queen, and the rest of the company before Act 1 had thoroughly got into its stride. But this is not to say that he could not philosophise and talk about killing instead of doing it, and talking happened to be Hamlet's job. I thought Mr. Tearle very human, very graceful, and in some scenes, particularly that with his mother, very fine indeed. He spoke occasionally too fast, but this is a less serious fault than that of booming out the lines merely with poetic declamation as if they meant nothing. Nor was his that detestable thing—an ecclesiastical, reading-the-lessons Hamlet. And he acted clean off the stage all the odd colourless people in cloaks and tights and armour that hung round him. Miss Fay Compton's Ophelia is familiar but by no means vulgar. She made madness pathetic and dreadful, but not a thing of eccentric mewings and whinings and of generally playing to the groundlings. Mr. Malcolm Keen's King is a fine piece of work, and if there has been a better Polonius than Mr. Herbert Waring I have not seen him.

Mr. Tom Reynolds has played First Gravedigger more times probably than any man living; he was with Sir Henry Irving for years, and I saw him play the part to Mr. H. B. Irving's Hamlet. It is a perfect Shakespearean-clown performance. But I fear I have always regarded both gravediggers as appalling bores, and my one hope in this scene (until the Yorick speech is reached) is that the two of them will dig themselves into their own grave and stop talking. Shakespeare was the greatest man England ever produced. But he was not funny, and I find all his funny men exasperating. I hate Dogberry and Verges and Pompey and Old Gobbo. Heavens, how I hate Old Gobbo!

Mr. Aubrey Hammond's scenery here did not suggest a graveyard. Those tall fir trees looked like Farnham Common and brought an ominous touch of Barrieism. At one moment Mr. Reynolds seemed not to be digging a grave but — horrid thought! — busying himself with "the House they built for Wendy."

WARS AND RUMOURS OF WARS: Messrs. Jack Lambert, Sebastian Shaw, Franklyn Bellamy, Cyril Gardiner, and Hugh Dempster in "Who Goes Next," the prisoners of war play now running at the Prince of Wales Theatre

"My Wife's Family"

The Garrick Theatre has one valuable asset. It has an immense outside wall, and a very public and prominent one, on which can be displayed, for all the world to gaze at, advertisements of the fare within. *My Wife's Family* makes full and natural use of these advantages. I do not see why it should not last as long as *Almost a Honeymoon* which was certainly no funnier. Mr. Ernie Lotinga is a clever comedian with a rasping voice and a rather lovable Cockney pertness about him. In music-hall sketches he has long scored many successes. If I suggest that in a play one has a shade too much of Mr. Lotinga, I am confronted by the depressing prospect of what this piece would be like without him. It is what is professionally known as "the old stuff." In "The Follies" years ago Harry Pellissier or one of his troupe warbled—

> "Sing us a song of the music-halls
> Of the lodger, Chawles,
> With a few back-falls,
> Sing us a song about things like these,
> About mother-in-law, and beer, and fleas."

That is the flavour of *My Wife's Family*. Indeed, it is almost the plot, since much time is devoted to Mr. Lotinga running round the stage with a banana-skin in his hand in an endeavour to drop it beneath the feet of his mother-in-law, and to make her do a few back-falls, fatal if possible. Miss Alice O'Day, the mother-in-law, was very large and deep-voiced, so she had a timorous husband, Mr. Hugh E. Wright, who wore bandages round his head and tried to paint her legs with varnish because of some muddle about a piano. At this moment it is probably correct to say that "the fun waxed fast and furious." Everyone in the cast thought that Mr. Lotinga was talking obstetrically when he was merely referring to that piano, a "baby"-grand. So we heard those shrill female squeaks that invariably come from the gallery when it is imagined that perfectly normal physiological processes are under discussion, for your British galleryite always considers them "naughty." *My Wife's Family* is certainly not naughty, and the more people who find it funny the better for Mr. Ernie Lotinga.

A BRILLIANT CHARACTER STUDY: Mr. Leon M. Lion as Scaramanzia in "Money! Money!!", the new comedy by Luigi Chiarelli, at the Royalty Theatre

"Stand Up and Sing"

The chief features of the new Hippodrome entertainment, *Stand Up and Sing* are that it is British and highly efficient. No American musical comedy could have more "peppy" chorus dancing, louder music, or a sillier plot. But no American musical comedy has ever been as amusing—taking it on the whole, for there are one or two dull spots—and no leading young man for this type of show could be found on either side of the Atlantic to better Mr. Jack Buchanan. Mr. Buchanan works tremendously hard without any sense of effort; he wears a succession of immaculately cut suits, but never wears his welcome. Much material is also given to Miss Elsie Randolph who brings plenty of ingenuity to bear in all she does. The *ingénue*, Miss Anne Neagle, is not at present much of a hand at either singing or acting, but she is a graceful dancer. A good dancer, too, is Mr. Richard Dolman, who is full of energy, has a pleasant personality, and should become one day a Jack Buchanan on his own account. Mr. Morris Harvey is too good a comedian to have nothing to do but wander about like the Aga Khan with a different hat in each scene. I hope by this time he has been given more lines and fewer hats.

"THE VENETIAN"

The Successful Renaissance Romantic Drama by Clifford Bax presented by the London Theatre Company at the Little Theatre

A GLASS OF WINE: Mr. Brandt, Miss Hammond, Miss Lacey, Mr. Clements, Mr. Toyne, and Miss Rawlings grouped round the table

QUINQUECENTO: Mr. Ivan Brandt, Mr. Gabriel Toyne, Mr. John Clements, Miss Margaret Rawlings, Mr. Alastair Sim, Miss Gwendolyn Hammond, and Miss Catharine Lacey in one of the admirably decorated and equally admirably played scenes of The Venetian, *produced at the Little Theatre and written by Clifford Bax*

A LAUGH CAUGHT BY THE INSTANTANEOUS CAMERA: A close-up study of Mr. John Clements who plays the brother of the hitherto vilified but now whitewashed Bianca

HOIST BY HER OWN PETARD: Miss Rawlings drinks the poison she had intended for the Cardinal (Mr. Sim)

The drama by Mr. Clifford Bax with décor by Mr. Peter Bax, presents in a new and very favourable light a character vilified alike by history and fiction, Bianca Cappello, the mistress and subsequently the wife of Francesco di Medici, Grand Duke of Tuscany, who reigned in the 1570's. On the programme the following note is printed: There is very little fiction in the events of this play . . . . The palace at Cajano, in the garden of which the last scene takes place, still exists, and the incidental music in that scene is by Caccini, Court-composer to Francesco di Medici. . . . No one even knew where she (Bianca) was buried until 1902, when a coffin, which there is reason to suppose hers, was discovered outside a wall that bounds the tombs of the Medici. After Bianca's death everyone tried to please the ex-Cardinal by vilifying her memory, and for three-and-a-half centuries she was known as "the infamous Bianca Cappello." She was, in reality, a fine, honest character, greatly beloved even by Giovanna's children.

The WORLD of WOMEN

A Complete Weekly Section of "The Sphere" Incorporating a Wide Variety of Feminine Interests

FOR THE EASTER HOLIDAY

Equipment for Travel by Train, Ship, or Car

This novel Morocco dressing-case has a shaped lid which, when closed, makes an excellent foot-rest. The enamel and silver gilt fittings are enclosed in a case of their own and may be carried separately or fitted into the main case. From Debenham and Freebody's Distinctive Luggage Department

It is good to feel that we have almost finished with the cold days of winter, that in three weeks' time Easter will be upon us, and with it, for many of us, a few days of leisure to spend how and where we will.

From what one hears, a motor holiday threatens to become even more popular this year than last, as more and more people come to realize the charm and care-freeness of touring around the countryside in "the car."

A practical cowhide case with ebony and nickel-plated fittings which are mounted on a detachable board so that they can be removed when not required. The rug is composed of alpaca wool and is carried out in brown and fawn. Austin Reed

But a happy motoring holiday needs something more than clean sparking plugs and carburettors. For the feminine world, at any rate, clothes are very important—practical and packable clothes—and when luncheon-time comes even the mere male does not find the question of a well-equipped picnic basket wholly uninteresting.

A really warm rug such as the one illustrated on this page is an essential, too. It is composed of Alpaca wool and carried out in brown and fawn.

A useful case for a man is illustrated here. The case opens out quite flat, and coat and trousers can be hung on the hanger so that when the case is folded over and shut they lie in such a position that no unpleasant creases are found when the suit is unpacked.

Another illustration on this page shows the latest conception of a dressing-case for a woman. The lid is shaped in such a way that when closed the case forms a comfortable footstool, The sloping lid also makes it easier to carry. The enamel and silver gilt-fittings are enclosed in a separate case which can also be used and carried separately if required.

Now we turn to the important matter of clothes. Leather coats, of course, will always have their share of popularity, yet camel-hair coats are also being much worn at the moment for travelling.

The Cumberland tweed costume shown is extremely useful and chic for country wear. Marjorie Day

This cowhide case, costing £5 5s., is specially fitted so that trousers and coat can be carried without creasing. It opens out quite flat and is fitted with a shirt pocket, two shoe pockets, mirror, and hanger. From Austin Reed

A chic costume of Cumberland tweed in a black and white check design. The side pleats of the skirt give a pleasing kilted effect. Studd and Millington

Here is a warm camel-hair travelling coat, with a light brown over check. It has an all-round belt and a convertible collar. Studd and Millington

THE WORLD *of* WOMEN — *(continued)*

Some Modern Rooms — the Work of Mr. F. E. Bennett

IN SUSSEX PLACE: A corner in Mrs. Sieff's lounge. The radiator grills of fireproof pulpwood ("Bakelite"), painted in silver with silver leaf offsets and silver leaf on the walls. The flooring is polished parquet. A portion of the gate in wrought iron, dividing the dining-room from the lounge, is visible

SIMPLICITY FOR THE LARGE WARDROBE: Clean line and good proportion are necessary for the wardrobe which will at once hold many garments and yet not overpower the room. The unusual form of these was largely the outcome of using the new laminated plywood which can be screwed together instead of being panelled. The lights above are set into solid blocks, hollow-curved and metal-lined, to provide means of reflection. *Above, on left,* is a dining-room in birch plywood, seen from the lounge. All pictures on this page show the work of Mr. F. E. Bennett in the house of Mrs. Israel Sieff, 21, Sussex Place, Regent's Park

FILMS

The Latest Products of the British Studio

LONDON CRIES: The Victorian successor of Nell Gwynne—the vendor of Seville oranges—"talkied" in Swan Walk, Chelsea—an incident in a Pathe tone of Old London cries

IN MADAME GUILLOTINE: *Mr. Brian Aherne, in costume, chats to Mr. Reginald Foguell, the director of the new film of the French Revolution under production at Isleworth*

"MILK-O!" A charming scene recorded in Cheyne Row. *A talkie has been made of the traditional London street cries with Miss Eve Maxwell-Lyte and Miss Iris Gibb, who have collected these cries from the British Museum. They have been set to music by Mr. D. M. Coates and were included in a concert at the Women's Service Hall in aid of St. Mary's Convalescent Home, Birchington*

DREYFUS: *The crowd execrating the man they believed a traitor as he is shorn of his decorations—a scene from the version under production at Elstree, in which Mr. Cedric Hardwicke plays the title-rôle, and which is directed by Herr F. W. Cramier, the distinguished German Maestro of the cinema*

THE LYONS MAIL: *Miss Norah Baring and Mr. George Thirlwell in a scene from the screen version of this famous melodrama produced at the Twickenham Film Studios*

A sensational talkie is now being made at Elstree Studios which relates the dismissal of Captain Dreyfus from the French Army and his imprisonment following his trial for high treason. Captain Dreyfus underwent his trial on the charge of having divulged secrets to Germany. Captain Dreyfus was proved innocent at a retrial after having served seven years on Devil's Island, his release causing a world-wide sensation.

The Guinness Legends

with apologies to Thomas Ingoldsby, Esquire.

Theophilus Green was shockingly lean,
If you looked at him sideways, he'd hardly be seen,
So skinny and bony
That though fully grown he
Weighed only three stone on the weighing-machine.
Bad enough, you'll acknowledge, but worse is to come;
No wonder Theophilus used to look glum
For if he ate anything he would succumb
To fierce indigestion and pains in the tum.
He couldn't sleep, he pined away,
He used to sit and cry all day.
Though white as a sheet, yet within he was wholly a
Prey to the blackest of black Melancholia.

His mother regarded her son with anxiety;
Plied him with medicine, repulsive to taste.
Though he was only too anxious to try it, he
Didn't improve, and the stuff was a waste.
Then in despair, she tried special fare,
Everything luscious, expensive and rare;
She tried him with spices,
With winkles, with ices,
With toffee and terrapin, haggis and hare.
No good at all; he was still just as thin as
A rake—until one day she tried him with Guinness.

As soon as he drank it, he threw off the blanket,
And said to his mother, "Please bring me another!
I'm better already!" And leaving his bed he
Galumphed up and down in his silk dressing-gown.
He perceptibly grew in muscle and thew,
His complexion assumed a much healthier hue;
He acquired in a year a
Physique like Carnera
By daily consuming this wonderful brew.

MORAL

I don't know, dear Reader,
if you've ever had
The troubles that made
poor Theophilus bad;
Rheumatical twinges
And pains in your hinges
And Jaundice and Ague
And nightmares that plague you;
But allow me to say that
the very best way
To banish the lot is—
a Guinness a day.

GE 1436

SAMUEL PEPYS in the SALE ROOM

The Paston Letters, too, will Draw the Big Buyers, while Many Items will Fall to the Private Purchaser

The private buyer, frightened away a few years ago by tremendous prices, when everything he wanted soared miles away from him, is coming back to the sale rooms of London, and those who are intelligent enough to risk a certain litter, are undoubtedly buying wisely.

Of course there are some sales where the merit of the articles is such that good if not high prices are obtained. For instance, at Messrs. Sothebys, at their sale of books on the first three days of this month, the first edition of Fielding's *Tom Jones*, published in 1749, in six volumes, was sold for £97, and Ainsworth's *Jack Shephard* in the original fifteen weekly parts, considered of far greater importance than the first three-volume edition, fetched £54, while at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's a MS. quarto page, with corrections of one of Thackeray's "Round About Papers," *The Notch in the Axe*, was sold for £88.

Some portraits by Lely, belonging to Sir John Foley Grey, were sold at Christie's on February 27th—that of George Booth, Lord Delamere, fetching 230 guineas, and that of Lady Elizabeth Grey being sold for 180 guineas. For a very fine pair of green jade bowls, profusely decorated with gold, the sum of £130 was given at Sotheby's at the end of February and a magnificent bronze door of Louis Quatorze period, cast in very high relief with scenes of Venus and Mals and Amorini playing musical instruments, at the same sale was sold for £210.

Messrs. Sotheby announce an important sale of English silver for the 19th March—the property of various owners, the outstanding feature of which is the pair of magnificent James II two-handled cups and covers, both bearing the same hall marks, London 1685. They bear the arms of Richard Leigh of London, and carry two inscriptions, one being "The gift of Sir Herbert Croft to his son and daughter, Moseley, Octr ye 1st, 1719," and the other "The legacy of your dead grandmother, Mary Leigh." These cups have come down to the present owner, Brig.-General Sir Henry Page Croft, by direct descent. There appears to be one other pair of equal excellence in the possession of a private collector.

Relics of Samuel Pepys

The silver relics consist of the Pepys porringer, a very fine covered cup of silver gilt, engraved with the arms of Samuel Pepys, and still preserved in the original leather case. According to family tradition this splendid porringer was presented to Pepys by King Charles II, together with the silver salver (also for sale) shortly after 1678—the date-mark upon the salver. There is no mention in the diary, which had been discontinued for some years past. The gaming table given by King James II to Pepys is also for sale, and several fine portraits by Sir Godfrey Kneller of the diarist himself, of James II, and of William Hewer, Pepys's secretary at the Admiralty, so often referred to in the diary.

A PORRINGER USED BY PEPYS, the famous diarist, will come under the hammer in a fortnight's time. This superb Charles II two-handled covered cup of silver gilt, in original tooled leather case, formerly belonging to Samuel Pepys, and is engraved with his arms. The cup itself is of porringer form with plain body, rising as it were from a supporting undergrowth of leaves designed in cardwork. The rim is slightly everted, and the handles are designed as recurving scrolls with swan-neck terminals in perfect proportion, the whole resting on a short foot chased with a corded band. The cover has a bold corded band around the border, which slightly overlaps the cup, giving a cap-like appearance. London, 1671. Maker's mark, P.I., with two escallops between

The letters and manuscripts included in this sale are a collection of private papers, kept in four volumes, made by John Jackson, the nephew and literary executor of Samuel Pepys. There are about 100 autograph pages by Pepys, together with letters from Evelyn and Sir Isaac Newton, the whole making a most valuable contribution to the history of the time. All these papers have been most carefully preserved and represent a unique collection of original documents.

A separate item, also of Pepys connection, is to be sold immediately after the relics belonging to the Pepys Cockerill collection. It consists of six pamphlets (22 leaves, quarto, 1698–99)—the report which Samuel Pepys had been asked to make "Upon the State of Christ's Hospital." This report was not at all pleasing to the governors, as Pepys was quite outspoken and definite in his charges both upon the moral and financial management of the hospital. It is scarcely likely that many copies were printed, most of which were doubtless destroyed, and the set for sale at Messrs. Sotheby's is thought to be the only one existing.

The Famous Paston Letters

Immediately preceding the sale of the Pepys relics, another collection of even greater historic and literary importance will be disposed of—permission having been obtained in the Law Courts for the sale of the famous Paston Letters. These letters, which give an intimate picture of the social life of an English country family in the fifteenth century, are of exceptional interest and value.

They illuminate a dark period of English history when the Wars of the Roses brought such disturbance that records are rare. They were first published by Sir John Fenn in 1787, fourteen years after he purchased them. Of the known Paston letters, apart from those to be sold, the majority are in the British Museum, a few others being at Pembroke College, Cambridge, and in the Bodleian Library and Magdalen College, Oxford. It is confidently stated that it is certain that no other considerable collection can ever again appear for sale.

The letters are impressed into the leaves of three volumes, which are bound in half calf, and bear the bookplates and crest of Sir John Fenn, the Norfolk antiquary. The letters had remained as an heirloom in the Paston family for many generations, passing from them to Mr. Peter Le Neve, Norroy King-at-Arms, who died in 1729. His widow married Mr. Thomas Martin, a famous collector, who sold the letters to Mr. Worth, an apothecary at Diss in Norfolk. At the death of Mr. Worth they were purchased by Sir John Fenn.

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Introductions by Abdulla

AFTER THE WRECK.

HE. We've not been introduced, I fear,
You'll wonder what I'm doing here.
I really must apologise,
Appearing in so quaint a guise!

SHE. The Weather's very wild to-night,
I know I look a perfect fright!

HE. A Lifebelt is the proper wear
A hundred miles from anywhere.

SHE. The waves are rather steep and wet!—

HE. Do try Abdulla's Cigarette,
I saved a boxful from the Ship
To grace our little boating-trip.

SHE. You were at Eton, I suppose?

HE. Of course you know the So-and-So's?

SHE. It's quite correct to be alone,
Abdulla acting Chaperone!

F. R. HOLMES.

ABDULLA VIRGINIA SUPERB TURKISH CIGARETTES EGYPTIAN

Monsieur Dupont Puts on Skis

Avec Phlegme Britannique. By JOAN GRUMBAR

My friends called me all the varieties of an idiot for choosing a French resort for my winter sports this year. I am glad I remained stubborn, for I was afforded a contrast of the French and English character from an angle at which I have never previously appreciated them. We have always been told that the Frenchman is of all Europeans the most unconventional, whilst we all know the Englishman's name for uncompromising stiffness. But why is a Frenchman so conventional, an Englishman so unconventional at winter sports? Why is it that the types become so completely reversed?

I have just returned from my holiday at a French winter-sports resort and I was struck by the difference of its atmosphere from that of well-known resorts in Switzerland which are mostly frequented by English people.

On the lower slope the Frenchman is amazingly and amusingly conventional. His excitability and hot Latin blood disappear. Perhaps it is the snow that freezes him up. Should a charming girl fall in the snow he would never help to pick her up, for it is *mal vu* and he might be compromised. Ski-ing is a sport and in a sport the sexes are regarded as equal—even by a Frenchman. Only as he gets higher and farther from civilization does he become more like his true self.

Not so the Englishman. Once on foreign soil he throws conventionality to the four winds. He allows a magazine in the lounge to act as an introduction: "Excuse me, is this your *Bystander* I'm reading?" He will meet a girl on a slope and lunch or dance with her.

The Frenchman goes to winter sports for a rest, for the ski-ing—and because it is the fashion. He begins his day at 9.30. The sun is shining, the snow is fluffy, and the slopes call. He is setting out upon a long excursion, an ascent which should take the average climber fully three hours, his lunch at the top was fully earned and the arduous climb well rewarded by the indescribable exhilaration of the two hours ski-ing down by a round-about route.

For this adventure Monsieur Dupont dons his most elegant jumper and arms himself with a countless reserve of extra sweaters, to say nothing of a capacious haversack slung over one shoulder. He then gets into a *traîneau*—a sledge with two horses—and puts his skis in at the back.

John Smith, on the other hand, has started out an hour before in workmanlike kit; no gay sweaters, no brilliant scarves, his skis are well bound with skins, and he plods doggedly on up the slope. No *traîneau* for him. At the top he washes down a scanty lunch with a bottle of beer. (It is hard to break an Englishman of his beer, especially as beer is to him the traditional reward of toil well accomplished; in fact, almost a religion.)

Monsieur Dupont in his *traîneau* reaches the top in threequarters of an hour and fills in the time till luncheon by strenuously practising telemarks under the supervision of Monsieur le Professeur. Then he sits down to a copious meal complete with red wine and coffee, suns himself, admires the view, and has his skis waxed preparatory to coming down. He skis half-way down and sledges the rest. After this fatiguing day he drifts lazily to the village cocktail bar, where, still in his ski clothes, he joins his friends and dances a little to the gramophone. Contrary to expectations he orders a *thé complet;* stimulants are not the thing at winter sports.

John Smith skis right the way down to the village cocktail bar. There he meets Monsieur Dupont, but unlike him, does not drink tea, consuming instead an appropriate number of cocktails. They both return to the hotel together.

The Frenchman hardly ever appears in dinner jacket but considers the conventions satisfied by changing into a lounge suit. His favourite after-dinner pastimes are belotte—a complicated card game—and tooth-picking. In the lounge he bears down upon you tooth-pick in hand. (After a while less fastidious English people also acquire this habit, otherwise the food is excellent.) He is not usually particularly keen to dance, if he does a "pianotrap" plays such novelties as "Sonny Boy" and "That's My Weakness Now." At 10.30 he retires to bed so as to be fit for his strenuous sport next day.

The Englishman changes into immaculate dinner jacket. After dinner he brings out his own modern gramophone records and dances or plays bridge till the small hours of the morning. He considers his enjoyment incomplete without this last little kick and after ski-ing hard all day he finds dancing an agreeable relaxation. Even so, next morning he is up and away long before the Frenchman is awake.

It is undoubtedly an interesting and amusing experience to go to a French winter sport's resort and one I would recommend to anyone if only as a contrast to the sterotyped Swiss resort. The sun, the snow, and the slopes are equally good if not better than those of Switzerland, whilst you have the added attraction of feeling that you are amongst strangers—and what delightful strangers. You have not merely travelled from London to the Continent to find yourself in a transplanted Piccadilly amidst the snows. It is also interesting to watch how the English and French have unconsciously assumed each other's traditional characteristics amid unaccustomed surroundings.

Perhaps the French behaviour is the more rational whilst others may prefer the Anglo-Swiss, but like the many drinks to be obtained at the village cocktail bar "Chacun à son gôut."

MUMPERS: By Matthew Gaul

When I went into the garden before breakfast a strapping fellow of six feet emerged from the wood shed and bade me a gruff "good morning." His hair was long and dishevelled, his beard umkempt and patriarchal, and in his right hand he swung a billy-can.

"Not the first time I've dossed here," he remarked. "I'm this way once a year. Would your folk give me some tea in the old can?"

"What is your trade?" I inquired.

"Navvy."

"Do you want a job?"

His reply was inaudible.

"They want navvies at a reservoir five miles from here," I said.

"I know all about that reservoy," he interrupted. "No, guv'nor, I'm not on. I ain't going to risk my health standing up to my ankles in slush and getting rheumatics."

Among the great host of "road folk" who slouch along our highways are two classes—the habituals and the casuals. The members of the first-class are professional mumpers, or beggars, with an inborn love of wandering and a distaste for regular occupation. As one of the fraternity expressed it, "Work and me was never very good friends, and unless you're a mug, the road's worth five bob a day."

The casual tramp is of a different type. He is a journeyman in the right sense of the word. He has a craft and he is looking for employment. He has no wish to become a parasite on the community.

The genuine mumper chooses vagabondage as a congenial mode of existence. He has his regular "beats," and returns to the same place year after year at about the same date. These "professionals" have an argot of their own, made up of a few Romany terms—words borrowed from the "tinker's thari" or lingo, and from thieves' slang.

Their word for the casual ward is "the spike." Some of them use the tinkers' term "bladhunk" for prison. Old hands talk rhyming slang when they wish to converse privately. Table is expressed as "Cain and Abel"; stairs, "apples and pears"; hot, "Scot," etc.

An expert cadger who can "pitch the tale" rarely suffers serious privation. He is certain to obtain a "hand out" or plate of broken victuals, at least once a day from the kitchen of a big house. By begging for "a morsel o' tobacco" from almost every smoker he meets on the road the tramp seldom lacks the comfort of a pipe.

A considerable proportion of the mumping class are mental deficients who have failed as criminals through lack of cuteness.

On Monday next, 16th inst., and until 28th inst.

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Reduced from £20.9.6 *to* £9.17.6
B.736. IN MAHOGANY
Reduced from £22.0.0 *to* £10.19.6
B.36. IN WALNUT
Reduced from £26.5.0 *to* £13.0.0

The "VALET" REGENT
Gentleman's Fitted Wardrobe
as illustration
Height 5 ft. 8 in. Width 3 ft. 9 in. Depth 20½ in.
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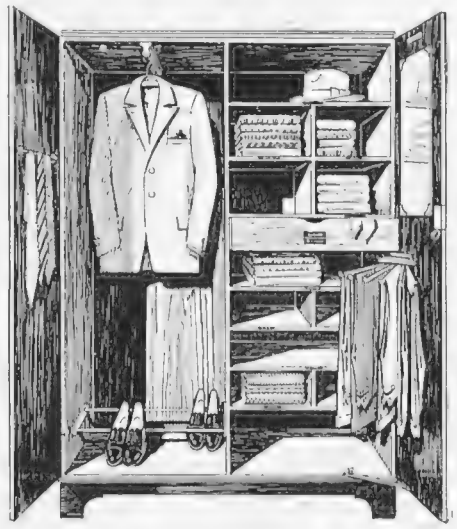
Reduced from £23.2.0 *to* £11.7.6
B.183. IN MAHOGANY
Reduced from £25.4.0 *to* £12.10.0
B.106. IN WALNUT
Reduced from £26.5.0 *to* £13.0.0



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OH, GOOD! it's an 'ivory' tip!

Even stern masculine lips are grateful for the smoothness and pureness of the 'Ivory' tip—the perfect finish for the perfect Virginia cigarette.

DE RESZKE

Virginias 10 *for* 6*d.* A NON-COUPON CIGARETTE *Turks* 20 *for* 1/-

The model illustrated is the 25 h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam Coachbuilt Enclosed Limousine, price £1250. This seven-seater car can be supplied with a wide choice of colour schemes.

The generous power of this car, the facility and sureness with which it climbs and corners, the complete comfort of its seating and the ease of control—these are Sunbeam qualities, instantly impressive, as obvious as the beauty of the car itself.

The reason why you so often meet the 25 h.p. Sunbeam will be fully understood if you try one of these cars yourself. Demonstration runs can be arranged at any time by appointment. Prices of 25 h.p. seven-seater Limousine models from £995. Saloon models on the 16 h.p. chassis from £595. All are six-cylinder types with an improved system of central chassis lubrication.

Dunlop tyres standard.

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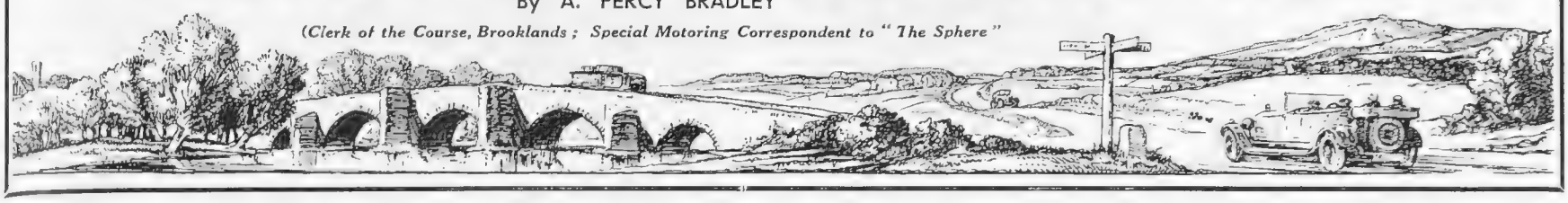
SPECIAL EASTER MOTOR SECTION OF "THE SPHERE"

The START of the MOTORING SEASON

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")



MOTORING—PAST AND PRESENT.—Easter is early this year, and so the real motoring season is just about to commence. At the moment of writing the weather is certainly not spring-like, but we all know from past experience that although we may freeze in England at ten o'clock in the morning we can be sunbathing at four o'clock in the afternoon. This weather, therefore, is no criterion of what Easter may be like.

In the early days of motoring owners used to wrap their cars figuratively in cotton wool at the end of October, park them away, and then on the approach of Easter take them out again. The reason for this hibernation of the car was to be found in the complete lack of protection for those who were brave enough to become real motorists. True, the old car was fitted sometimes with a hood and screen, but these adjuncts were far more ornamental than useful. The roads in those days were inches deep in mud, tyres were smooth, and steering and brakes very poor. Exciting was, therefore, a mild word to describe the movements of the old cars along the King's highway during the weary months of winter.

To-day we have totally enclosed saloons, we have almost mudless roads on which our scientifically treaded tyres can obtain a grip, and our steering and our brakes give us perfect control. No wonder, therefore, that the great majority of car owners carry on through the winter almost to the same extent as they do in the summer.

THE SEASON COMMENCES.—But when spring comes along motoring takes on quite a different aspect. The roads are dry, the hedges and trees burst into life with their covering of green leaves, and the whole landscape changes. Nature herself wakens up, and the poets tell us that human beings themselves discover that the blood in their veins races round at a greater speed. Obviously the motorist who has put his car away during the past dreary months is eagerly looking forward to the new season which is now about to commence; but I, in company with hundreds of thousands of others who have motored every day throughout the winter, refuse to believe that the approach of spring from a motoring point of view is any more welcome to that class than it is to ourselves. Somehow or other I always imagine that my car goes better once the calendar tells me that spring has arrived, and I am sure it is not all imagination. The fresh, energizing air of spring must agree with an engine just as it does with us human beings.

It has always seemed to me unfortunate that the great annual Motor Show at Olympia is not held in March, for this is the month in the whole year that people talk motor-cars almost every minute of the day and it is, therefore, the month that should really mark the beginning of the motoring year.

My own practice is to buy a new motor-car every twelve months, and it is usually in the month of March that I make my purchase. I am perhaps rather fickle, for I must confess that after one year I become "tyred" of a motor-car and find myself possessed of a burning desire to have a new one. In the early romantic days the thoughts of a person like me would probably have turned to love, but in these mechanical years the urge of spring directs our thoughts to the motor-car.

Motor manufacturers and agents will all be busy in a day or two supplying the needs of the motoring community. My experience has shown me that it is very little more expensive having a new car every year than retaining one for four or five years. I would, therefore, advise everyone who can, to make certain of making a change before Easter, and if these prospective purchasers will read through to the end of these notes they will find that I am returning to this subject.

USE THE SECONDARY ROADS.—Some friends of mine said to me the other day that they thought they would not buy another car and only use their present one on infrequent occasions. Naturally I inquired the reason, and was very surprised to find that they anticipated such an increase in traffic on our roads during 1931 that they thought motoring would lose all its charm. Personally, motoring along a main road never possessed any charms for me, and in any case our main roads during the past few years have always been uncomfortably crowded at week-ends so that I do not suppose that this summer will be any exception or very much worse. If the owner desires to motor for pleasure he or she must shun the great highways and dive into that intensely interesting network of minor roads which abound in this country. My experience shows me that these roads are no more crowded now than they were five years ago, for the simple reason that the majority of new motorists are really frightened of leaving the main thoroughfares.

Let me suggest to the 1931 motorist that he will obtain quite a new pleasure from his car if, when he has to make a journey from London to Portsmouth, London to Brighton, or on any other well-known and popular route he sets himself the task of taking an alternative one which does not touch the main road. In most instances this is perfectly practical and, although the mileage may be slightly greater, the time taken will in all probability be shorter. Instead of breathing in air polluted with exhaust gases as he travels along mile after mile, he will be able to travel in a perfectly fresh atmosphere, enjoy the country scenery, which is so much nicer off the beaten track, and as his car switches past the hedges on the narrow road he will obtain a much more satisfying sensation of speed.

ROLLS-ROYCE An exceptionally smart Barker Sports Torpedo body on a 40-50-h.p. Rolls-Royce Phantom II chassis, supplied to His Highness Raja Sahib of Parlakimedi. The sides of this car are cellulosed in rich carnation **BARKER COACHWORK**

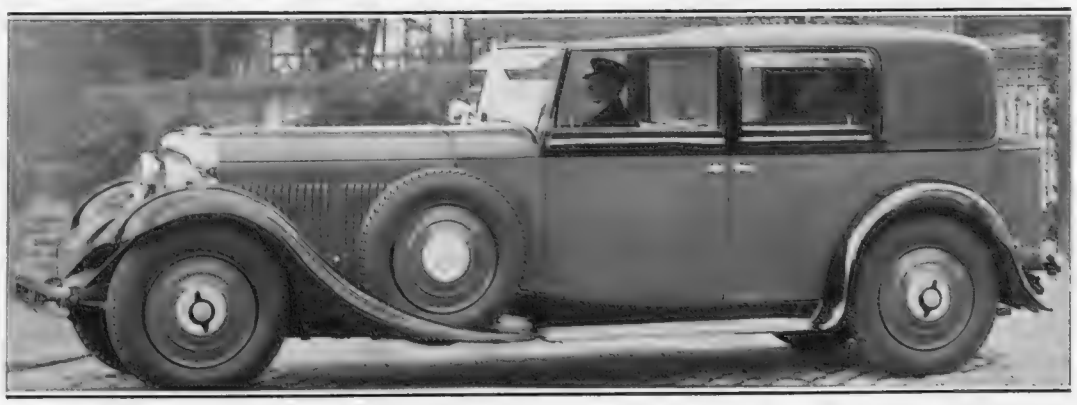
"MANNERS MAKYTH MOTORISTS."—There were people who imagined that when the antiquated speed limit was abolished the roads of England would be no longer fit for respectable motorists to drive on. Well, I think that these dismal Jimmies have been thoroughly confounded, because the result of the new Traffic Act has been all the other way. Drivers are certainly more considerate on the average and our roads are thereby safer. I would, therefore, implore any of my readers who are going to start motoring for the first time this season to drive not so much cautiously as considerately. If the man at the wheel is considerate to every other person on the road whether pedestrian, cyclist, equestrian or motorist, he is never likely to cause any trouble or attract the attention of our new motor mounted police.

I would also like to point out even to experienced motorists that their driving can never be so good that it cannot be improved. When the fine warm days arrive there is always a danger that the urge to go faster may overcome that sense of judgment which dictates caution.

I have already mentioned courtesy as a guiding principle for all drivers new and experienced. But there is another which should not be forgotten. Never in any circumstances do anything on the road suddenly. For instance, do not rush up to an obstacle and jam on the brakes; do not suddenly swerve to the right or to the left, and do not suddenly accelerate if someone wishes to pass. Although these items of advice may not always appear to the driver to be of importance, he should remember that if the movements of his car are hastily altered it is apt to upset the calculations and, therefore, the judgment of other road users. It is particularly important this year that all drivers should make a special effort to motor without causing offence or becoming involved in an accident. The whole motoring community has agitated for the removal of the speed limit and we have gained our point. It is, therefore, up to us to demonstrate to those who thought such a change in our motoring laws would produce chaos and bloodshed that, instead of their fears being realized, road conditions have been vastly improved.

SUNBEAM Miss Nellie Wallace, the well-known comedienne, has just purchased this extremely handsome 16-h.p. Sunbeam fitted with a special type of body by Pass and Joyce, Ltd.

A SUGGESTION.—I feel certain nine out of ten motorists do not use their cars to the best advantage. For instance, nearly everyone during the summer takes a holiday, but only one in a hundred will decide to use his car and nothing else whilst away. There are many, however, who would like to be perfectly free and untied. I advise them to tow their house behind them. I would like to make it quite clear that I have not tried this experiment myself, but I have a host of friends who have spent a fortnight or even longer in an Eccles caravan, and they unanimously declare that never again will they plan any other type of holiday. I have had extremely pleasant vacations on the Broads, and I am told that a holiday in a caravan is even more varied.



BENTLEY A fine example of a Cabriolet de Ville body on the new 8-litre Bentley. This model, which aroused great interest at the Motor Show, is now in production and some magnificent examples are to be seen

(*Continued on p. 416*)

The "PLUS" MONACO £298
Triplex Glass & Dunlop Tyres Standard.

The Car that depreciates least!

The "Plus" features of the Riley NINE

Grouped Lubrication

The old bugbear of lubrication and the troubles associated therewith are entirely eliminated in the "plus" Riley. Our illustration shows the grouped lubrication plate with its three points all immediately accessible on the raising of the bonnet. By this method, everything with the exception of the engine unit and rear axle gearing, can be lubricated in one minute and without disturbing either carpets or floor boards. Thus is time saved and the labour and inconvenience of inaccessible oiling and greasing dispensed with.

"PLUS" IN CLEANLINESS AND CONVENIENCE.

Other features in future announcements. In the meantime ask us to arrange a demonstration of the Car "that sees most of the World."

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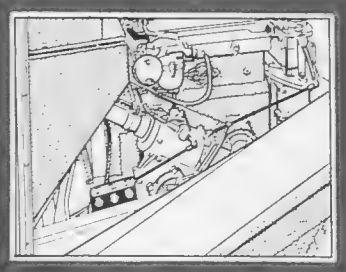

Catalogue and "The Riley Record" (our monthly magazine) upon request.

The "PLUS" BIARRITZ £325
Triplex Glass & Dunlop Tyres Standard.

HUMBER A Humber "Snipe" in a woodland setting in Sussex. Messrs. Rootes, Ltd., of Piccadilly, are the sole world exporters of these very popular cars

SPECIAL EASTER SECTION OF

The PETROL World (cont.)

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

BUYING A NEW CAR. — It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that the passing of every season, whilst rendering the purchase of a motor-car very much easier makes the task of selecting the appropriate make and model increasingly difficult. There are to-day something like 101 different makes on the British market, and this number can be increased by reason of the range of models which practically every manufacturer offers. In fact it is difficult to call to mind without reference to text-books even an isolated instance of a one-model firm, although a few years ago one could have named half-a-dozen with the greatest ease.

Financial considerations are, of course, able to assist the prospective purchaser to get some distance along the paths of selection, but the man or woman who can enjoy the experience of considering a new 8-litre Bentley or a Phantom II Rolls-Royce is not really too happy, as in addition to these cars all others come within his reach. But assuming that one can decide that the utmost sum of money available is fixed and incapable of advancement, the next matter usually is to seek out the type of car best suited to the requirements, not only of the person who has got to pay for the car, but of those other members of the family whose tastes must be taken into consideration if pleasant motoring is to result. There have undoubtedly been countless heated family arguments in the past which appeared to get ever towards a fiercer deadlock until the sunshine type of roof permitted a definite move to be made with both sides reasonably satisfied. To decide now whether the day is fine enough or warm enough to have the roof partially open, extended to the heavens, or firmly closed is, by comparison, a harmonious discussion.

Not infrequently I am asked the blunt question concerning which or what in my opinion is the best motor-car. In the absence of further details I would prefer to say, as I would in other circumstances, I cannot think what type of noise most appeals to a deaf Eskimo. In cases where there is only one person to please, only a very few facts have to be known, such as whether the choice is for an open or a closed model, touring, or sports, and how much money it is possible to spend. Other instances are a little more difficult, but providing one takes the question in hand systematically, the decision can be arrived at reasonably, quickly, and satisfactorily.

In every class from £100 upwards there is to-day a vast selection. Furthermore, it can truthfully be said that there are no really bad cars on the market, and the olden days in which one avoided certain makes like a plague are fortunately no longer with us. Any model of reputable make can be relied upon to give satisfactory results, and even the cheapest car, properly treated, can give its owner four or five years' good service as a minimum.

WEAR AND TEAR.—Depreciation is a matter about which a great deal has been written, and whilst it is an item which no sane person would omit from his calculations it is not as terrifying as so many seem to imagine. I have said that a good car, properly cared for, is good for a minimum of four or five years' service, and therefore the man to whom capital losses are important would be well advised to buy to keep for the period I have mentioned, or, as an alternative, to recognize that his motoring is going to cost more than it need but nevertheless what he still can afford.

Wear and tear on a motor-car are greater than in the case of many another of life's blessings, but depreciation is really not heavier. There are very few things that we mortals buy from time to time, be it clothes, furniture, or a wireless set, that do not drop rapidly from their purchase price to realizable value. The trouble is that we have placed the car upon a different footing and it is taking longer for it to become a normal possession. Steadily owners are beginning to regard their vehicles as an essential portion of themselves and something with which it would be as difficult to dispense as a gas-cooker or an overcoat.

CHEAPER MOTORING.— Prices continue to become more and more favourable; and although I would not care to forecast when rock bottom will

(Continued on p. 418)

AUSTIN The Austin Sixteen "Burnham" saloon, the lavisn standard equipment of which includes a sun-visor and roof ventilator

AS . DEPENDABLE . AS . AN . AUSTIN

THE SIXTEEN BURNHAM SALOON

How would *you* judge a car's worth?

On the question of car values, some folk would place the question of cost first. But low *initial* cost may not spell economy. For motoring cost can only be reckoned truly in *years of service* rendered by a car.

Few people, however, would question that the first and foremost quality which a car should possess is dependability.

Then, that vital factor—appearance. We all value coachwork which not only is good to look upon but which is good and practical *inside* . . . with wide vision, ample headroom, airiness, comfort and luxury of appointment.

When cars are appraised in this manner, choice becomes easy . . . the finest value, obvious. For the Austin satisfies all these essentials. Outstanding dependability is inseparable from the name Austin. The new bodies are striking in their good looks, their comfort, their completeness of equipment, which even includes folding occasional tables, folding foot-rests, and folding centre arm-rests.

And price? You may buy cars for less. But you cannot buy for less what every Austin is pledged to give . . . ungrudging, care-free service, not for a season, but for many, many years. Think it out!

Upholstered in leather, furniture hide or moquette. Front seats separately adjustable. With fullest equipment including Triplex glass, chromium plating, 'Biflex' magnetically operated dip and switch headlights, speedometer, motometer, wire wheels, and Dunlop tyres. Salisbury Fabric Saloon (six window) £335. Beaconsfield Fabric Saloon (four window) £335. New Open Road Tourer £310. Harrow 2-Seater £310.

THE SIXTEEN BURNHAM SALOON
£335
(AT WORKS)

AUSTIN

READ THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE: 4d. EVERY MONTH

The Austin Motor Company Limited, Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11.

I REMEMBER!

(after Thomas Hood)

I remember, I remember,
A house where I had tea,
The little widow with a son
Who brought his car for me.
He never came a moment late,
His engine ran so well;
His secret was SHELLUBRICATE,
His only oil was SHELL.

I remember, I remember,
How soon I realised
That only mugs need have their plugs
So oft decarbonised.
No engine troubles come your way,
And you can laugh at Fate
And get much nearer heav'n to-day
If you SHELLUBRICATE!

By Harry Graham

SHELLUBRICATE!

DOUBLE SHELL OIL

Among the manufacturers who officially recommend its use in all models during Winter are HILLMAN, HUMBER, LAGONDA and MORRIS

TRIPLE SHELL OIL

is officially recommended for BENTLEY (4-cyl.) and all M.G. and FIAT models in Winter. Among other manufacturers who approve its use are AUSTIN (for all models), etc.

SHELL OIL

has the right body for modern engines

Stuarts

ALVIS The 4-cylinder 12-50 h.p. Alvis saloon the top gear performance of which is well over 70-m.p.h. The front seats are adjustable and safety glass is fitted throughout

SPECIAL EASTER SECTION OF

The PETROL World (cont.)

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

be reached, we have undoubtedly arrived at a stage when it is useless to await better values. Existing conditions in the industrial world are responsible to a great extent for the strides which have been made in the motor industry. Competition has never been keener, and every effort has been made by all concerned to offer the best possible propositions for the lowest price.

Assuming, therefore, that market fluctuations are not likely to make vicious inroads, the annual drop in the value of one's motor-car can be forecast within limits which become very narrow when taken over a matter of years. Running costs can likewise be reckoned with reasonable accuracy, provided one assumes that what the petrol companies may give us on the one hand, a harassed Chancellor will probably extract on the other. With annual expenditure and capital outlay determined, the prospective owner has gone the major portion of the distance towards determining what motor-car he will buy, and it is fortunate that at the present time he can obtain either a large or a small vehicle and a sports model or a family saloon in any category from the lowest to the highest.

BUILT FOR SPEED.—The sports car, broadly speaking, has passed from the flame-spitting, mile-eating animal into a better land where it can be a refined vehicle giving a great amount of comfort and remaining in the sports category only in that it possesses a more lively engine and perhaps a less commodious body than its more sedate brethren. Such examples as the Alvis Silver Eagle, the Humber Snipe, the "90" Talbot, and the Riley range are excellent examples of the modern vehicle which, at varying prices and of different size, give the driver that added joy which comes from handling an almost living thing and yet which has a great respect for the other passengers. Body designers have still to come into line and realize that in England at any rate a hood is an essential part of the average man's motor car and that he who appreciates pretty lines and an open body occasionally needs sensible protection which can be at his service and that of his passenger within a very short time. These are points which the prospective purchaser of an open sports model should consider for there are still. in my opinion, too many umbrella hoods, inefficient screens, and unsatisfactory mudguards, the seriousness of which is apt to be overlooked in favour of more attractive aspects cunningly displayed in a showroom and praised by lithe-tongued sales assistants.

The person who likes driving for its own sake will undoubtedly find that the performance of a fast car with a well suited gear-box gives a feeling of exhilaration not to be found in other vehicles, but if the snug comfort of a saloon appeals more than the rush of the wind, it is as well to consider these matters seriously and let them govern to some extent the ultimate choice.

POINTS OF INTEREST.—Practically all cars to-day include the essential items as standard fitments and even the cheapest provide four wheel brakes, chromium or other non-tarnishing finish to bright parts, screen wipers, speedometer, and so on. On the majority of models provision is made for carrying luggage outside the actual seating accommodation, and therefore the combination of all these little details can be taken for granted, the more individual preferences deciding precisely what car should be bought.

A few words are perhaps justified on the subject of gear changes. There are some people who unfortunately are possessed of a complex which will never permit them to make a really first-class job of manipulating an orthodox gear box. We have however progressed to the stage where there is a certain amount of latitude allowed, and one can mishandle the lever on the majority of our cars without serious consequences or too much evidence of incompetence jarring the ears of everyone within range. Simplified changing exists in the form of various devices and the Armstrong-Siddeley is a notable example of a car which is offered at a reasonably low cost with the well-known patent pre-selective arrangement robbing the art of all its terrors.

The present popularity of the six-cylinder engine, giving as it does a much larger range of work on the top gear, has also done a great deal towards helping the unskilled person to enjoy his or her motoring. Years ago those who did not drive because they could not master the gear changes were deserving of sympathy, but the reason does not hold good at the present time.

(Continued on p. 420)

SINGER Mr. Kaye Don and the new Singer model which he designed together with the company's artist engineer. The car is known as "the Kaye Don Singer Six"

Freedom from "Tail-wag"!

New Ford 3-window Fordor Saloon 24 h.p. **£210** *at works, Manchester.*
(14.9 h.p. **£5** *extra.)*

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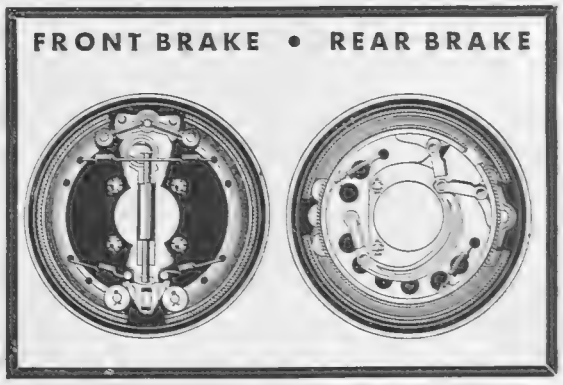

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SPECIAL EASTER SECTION OF

The PETROL World (cont.)

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")

LAYING UP THE CAR.—Many motorists still find it pays them to store their vehicles during the winter months, and as they will shortly be renewing their licences and thinking of the open road once again, a few words in season will not be out of place. It should be borne in mind that since last year the Road Traffic Act has come into existence, and that the car cannot be re-licenced unless an insurance certificate is submitted with the application. The March quarter day will see a tremendous rush for licences and considerable time and trouble can probably be saved by attending to this side of the preparation well in advance.

Similar remarks, of course, apply to the motor service stations, and they are more appreciative of instructions to attend to your little details now than they will be in Easter week. Even if it is not desired to renew the licence just yet the service department can arrange to fetch your car and return it to you under trade plates. There are certain to be a number of matters that will require attention, unless the car was thoroughly trimmed up before being put away; small tears in the upholstery, or in the hood if it is an open car; minor spots of rust appearing on the wings or body work; perhaps a loose spoke here and there in a wire wheel; all these items should certainly receive attention before another long season is undertaken. It is astonishing how rapidly a patch of rust will spread if left unchecked. Every time the car is washed there will be some flaking off of the paint, and if there is only one patch plainly visible at the moment, a thorough inspection in a good light will most assuredly reveal others

TYRES AND BATTERY.—Inspect your tyres carefully and remove any flints which you can discover when the tube is deflated. These will otherwise be worked nearer and nearer to the canvas and give trouble later on. Thin tyres are false economy, and as a result of past mileage one can easily decide whether in their present state they are likely to go through another season without puncturing. It should be remembered that in the early part of the season, and, in fact until near the end, in some districts roads will be tarred and sanded. The most appalling dressing is sometimes used, and if tyres are thin the motorist can reckon to be troubled more during the season of road trimming than at any other time. Tyres are now at a new low level in price, and the possible sacrifice of a couple of thousand miles of wear is really not a large sum when translated into money. Before leaving the matter of tyres, it is a good plan to move them all round one stage every 2,000 miles, so that eventually every tyre has taken a turn on each of the four or even five points, although some people prefer to keep the spare wheel brand new if they can.

The battery, if it has been left unattended since the car was parked for the winter should certainly go to the service station, but I hope that this very valuable and not inexpensive part of the car was either kept in use or drained out as it should have been.

THE HA'PORTH OF TAR.—One should look carefully to the rubber hose in the cooling system and to the wiper tube if this accessory is of the suction type. Replacements are cheap enough and easily made.

It is possible that the actual starting-up of the car for the first time after a long rest can be accomplished on the starter, but it would be a more kindly gesture if the owner were to turn the engine by hand through a few revolutions to break up the oil film which will have become set between all the friction surfaces. This task will be simple if the sparking plugs are removed. A small injection of petrol into each orifice will usually cause the stiffest engine to yield, but neat petrol will wash the oil from the walls of the cylinders, and therefore should be used very sparingly. Gear-box and rear axle oil levels will of course be checked up as a matter of course, and when the car is taken from the resting place, slow running should give these points an opportunity to spread their oil before any serious work is undertaken. Finally, a few drops of a good thin oil should be used for the dynamo and magneto.

Where a new car is denied this season, a campaign of spring cleaning and possibly the addition of wheel discs, a new coat of paint, or some other improvement over the car's condition in the previous year will, to some extent, give a new pride of ownership and lend an added zest to this season's motoring.

FORD — A delightful picture of a Ford "Tudor" saloon by the "bonny bonny banks of Loch Lomond" bathed in sunlight

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Seven Years for Killing a Cow

An Instructive Afternoon Interlude in Calcutta

By E. F. BRAYHAM

In India if a Hindu dares to harm a cow or even accidentally injures one, he is bound by the traditions of his religion to undergo a penance. Forms of penance vary, and are often suggested by the Guru or Hindu priest, whose directions no Hindu dare disobey. India consists of innumerable religious bodies, but Hinduism predominates. In this faith the River Ganges, or more religiously "Mother Ganges," is one of the two purifying factors, the other being the cow.

During my recent stay in Calcutta, one very enervating Sunday afternoon I lay on a verandah easy chair, when I was awakened by the occasional tinkle of a bell and a "moo," such as signals the privileged passage of the sacred cow as it meanders around the bazaars and streets of India. Expecting to see the indolent movement of a cow, I was not a little surprised when my eyes fell upon an unkempt Indian with numerous appendages round his neck and waist, who alternated his mournful "moo" with a tinkle of a brass bell suspended from his neck. At the same I noticed Pinoo, my bearer, drop a copper coin into a small empty basin held in the unkempt man's hand, then exchange a few words in the vernacular. The mendicant walked on, mooing and tinkling.

Pinoo, is a "subjuntawallah" (know-it-all), and is forever ready with an explanation for all my inquiries.

"Beggar?" I asked.

"No sir, no beggar, but curse. He berry bad man, makes too much sin."

And this is what my mentor further related. The man was atoning for killing a cow! He was by profession a cow-cart driver, and one particularly hot day when the temperature probably hovered around 100 in the shade, one of the beasts of burden in his team was inclined to be lazy so he, in his usual manner, twisted his tail. Still the animal refused to move. This stubborness on the part of the beast infuriated the driver as the parawallah (policeman) on traffic duty had pulled out his pocket-book to note the number of his cart for delaying the traffic. Unhappily the load on the cart consisted of iron bars, so he picked one within his reach and struck the head of the cow. The blow cracked open its skull and the animal tumbled down dead.

That was in 1923, on the rising of the eighth moon, and for seven years he must act like a cow because the Guru (Hindu priest) to whom he confessed, had said it. The appendage round his neck and waist were the symbols of his guilt. A cow's horn, a cow's tail, and a cow's bell. The man was a Hindu, he was a cow-worshipper, and killed a cow. He was, therefore, ostracized until the completion of his penance. Moreover, he must beg from door to door until the rising of the eighth moon in 1930, wearing the tail, the horn, and the bell of the cow which he had killed, and imitating mournfully, its voice.

And such is the lot of a large proportion of India's teeming millions who are probably unaware of the name of Mahatma Gandhi.

"THE SPHERE" TRAVEL BUREAU

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, resorts, etc., by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free, but 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to:

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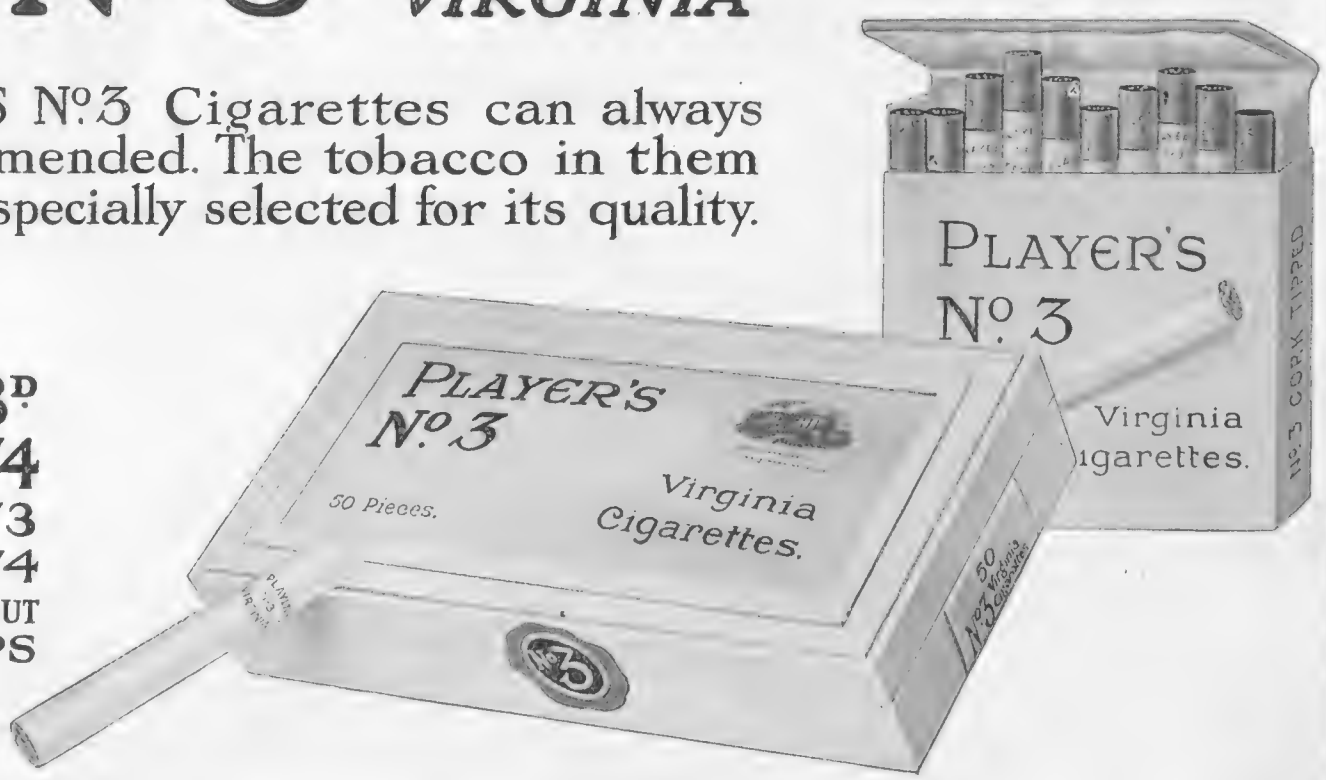

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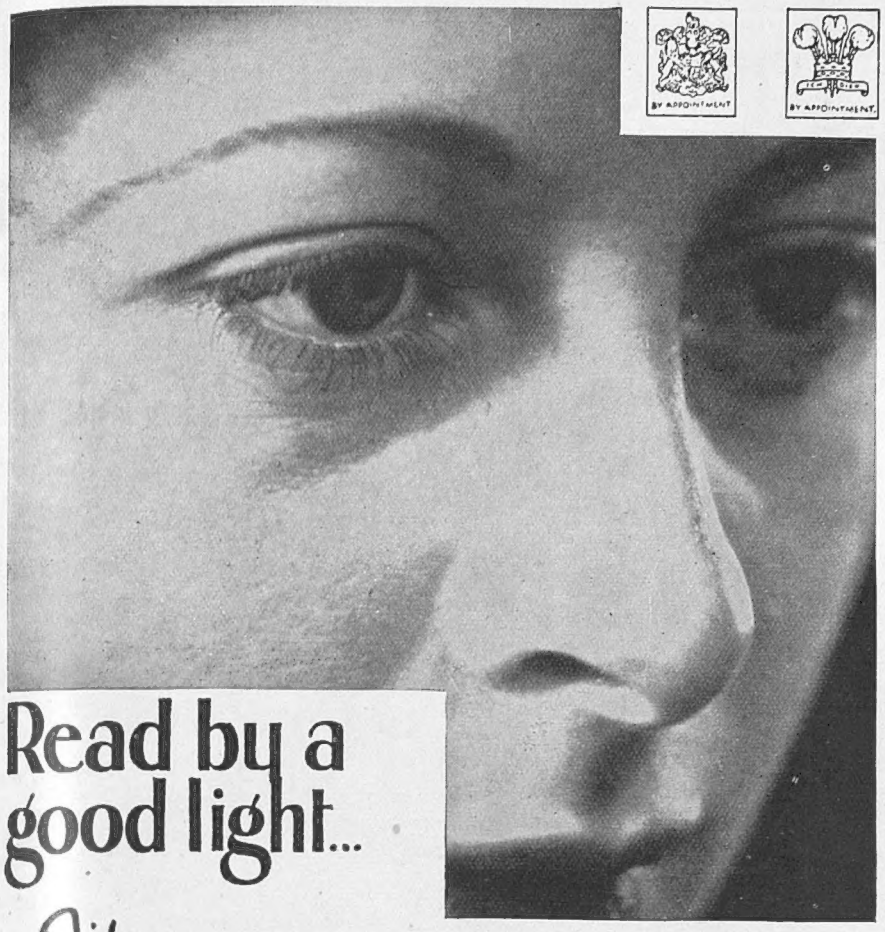

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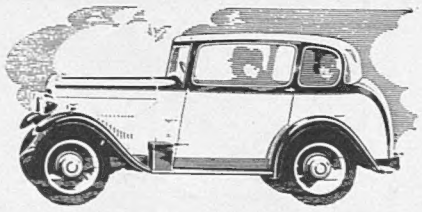

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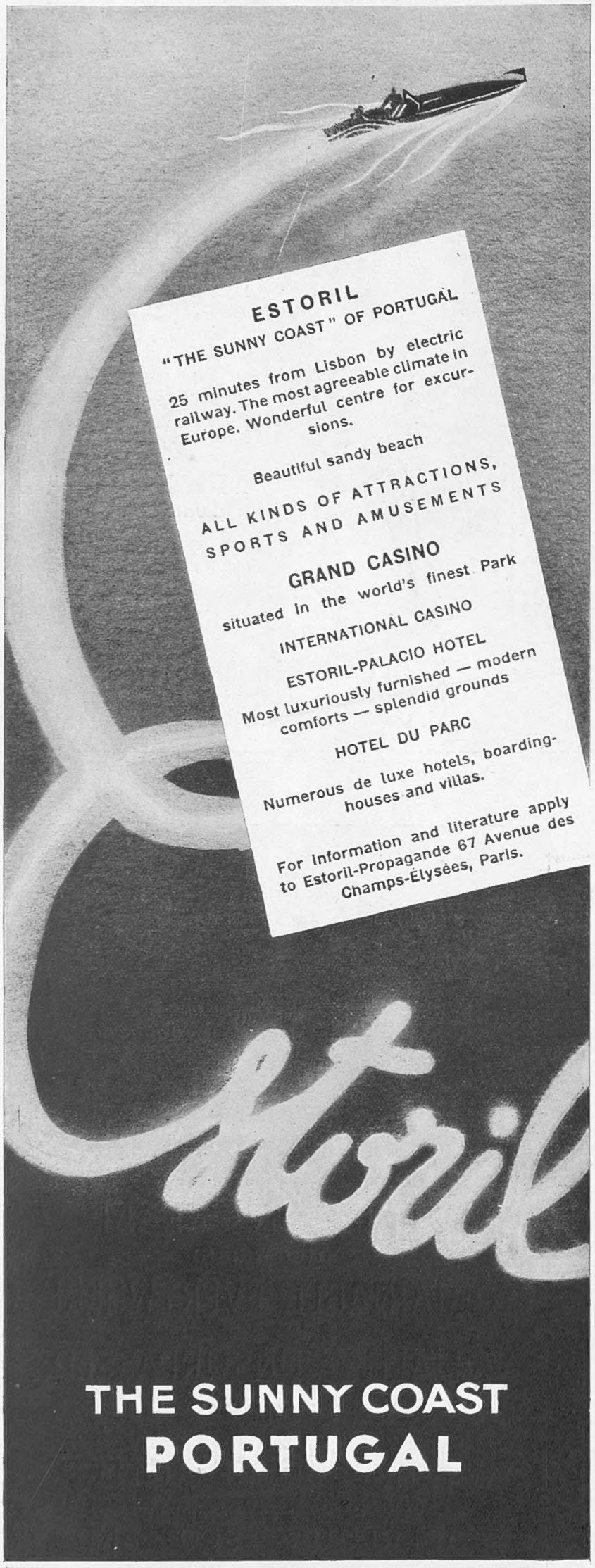

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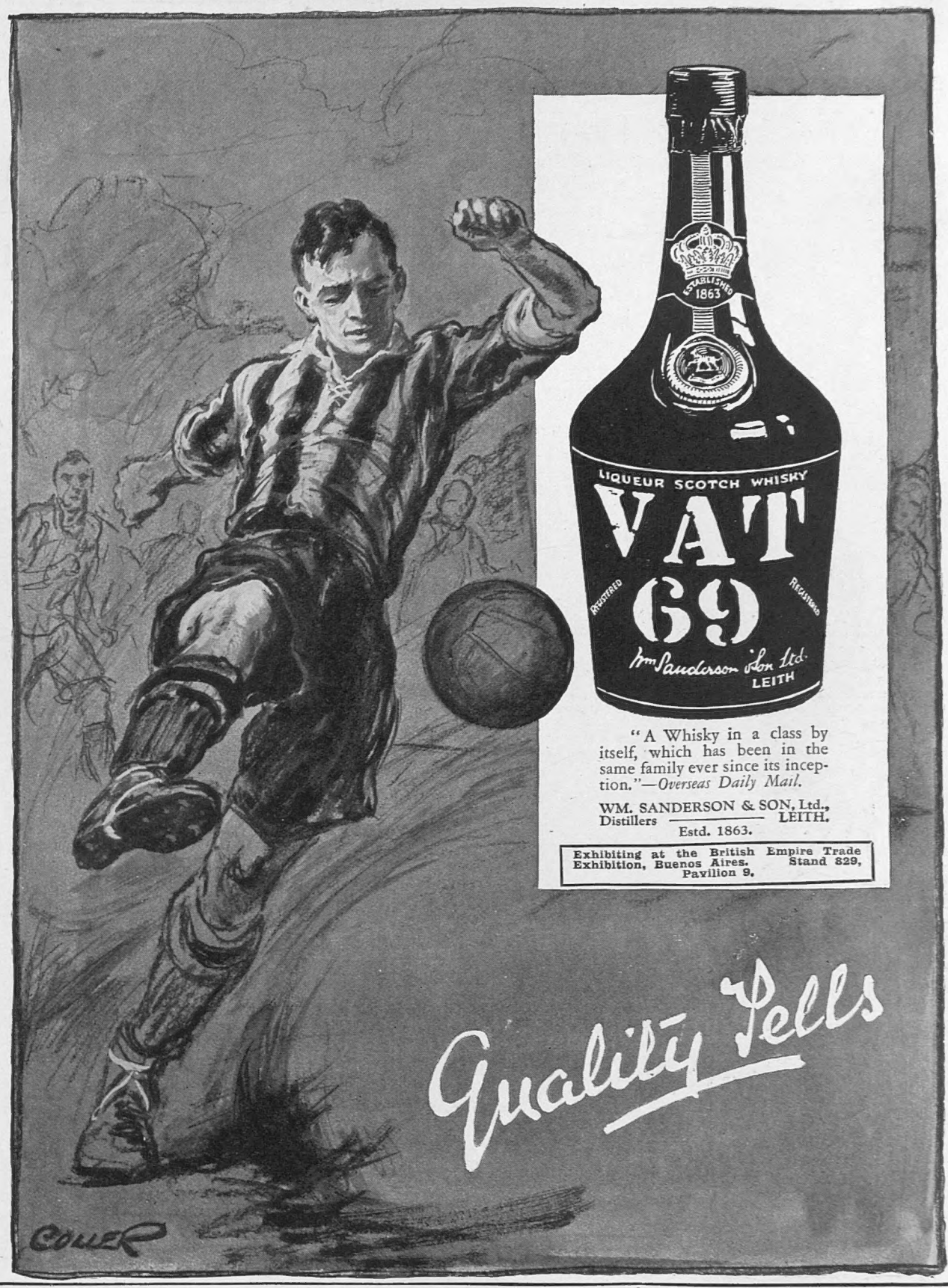

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